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Poetry.

THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me;
The briers are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All his people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Savior himself has said "come."
So when I am weary in body
And singing in spirit, I say:
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The trifle that is full of bitter things—
The all can tarnish it golden glow
And take the grace from it airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check!
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth or power—
And lo: the day is with ill inwrought!

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
Some lives darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by—
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude it may be a sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

Our Story Teller.

THAT BUNDLE.

About seven years ago my sister, Mrs. Bowen, was staying in Paris for a season, and she had some friends there who made Paris their home. These friends, Mr. and Miss Haven, a business man and his daughter, came to America for three months one year, and, among other visits, they made one to mutual friends in the town in which I live.

I called to see them the day after their arrival. They were out, and left town without returning my call, as they were there but a day or two, and without seeing me or any of my family. I thought but little of the matter, though I was sorry to have missed them.

A month went by, and one evening, just at twilight, one of the ladies of the family whom they had visited—whom I will call Smith, for the sake of convenience—came to see me and said:

"Oh, I only run in for a minute. I've been trying to come for a month to ask you why you never acknowledged the receipt of that bundle Mr. Haven brought over to you from Mrs. Bowen."

"What bundle?" I said. "I never had any bundle. I never knew that Mrs. Bowen sent me any bundle."

"Why, you must have it; you must forget. Mr. Haven sent it to you by the Adams Express from New York as soon as he landed, and he has thought it very strange that you never acknowledged it. And he has got so vexed about it, and thought it so rude of you not to thank him for bringing it to you, that he wouldn't ask about it until now, just as he is going home again, for he wants to tell Mrs. Bowen you received it."

"I am awfully sorry," I said, "but you know I couldn't very well write about a bundle I never received and didn't know had been sent. What was in the bundle?"

My curiosity was very great and I listened eagerly for her answer. Visions of all sorts of beautiful things flashed through my head—gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, perhaps even a dress. Could it be a ravishing bonnet? I was all ears and all excitement.

"Miss Haven said she didn't know what was in the bundle, but she said it felt like silks or satins. It wasn't a large bundle."

"Well," I said, "now where under the sun is that bundle?"

"It might possibly have gone to father's," my husband remarked.

He had dropped his usually all-absorbing evening paper and was listening to us.

"Your father's?" I nearly shrieked. "Dear me! if there is anything absolutely detestable, it is to live in a small town and be the duplicate in name of your mother-in-law, with junior attached, which all your friends forget and all your enemies as well. Our dinners have gone to your father's until they've rotten them. They have stewed our cherished small purchases of early Bermuda tomatoes for salads, read my letters, been horrified by my bills, kept my dresses and bonnets a week or so, until they found they were mine, and now they have got my bundle. I wish—" and here I rose from my chair to give emphasis to my words—"yes, I do wish you had been named Nebuchadnezzar; anything but what you are named."

"Yes," said my husband, "it is annoying, certainly; but you know even my mother would have hardly kept a bundle three months. On the whole, it couldn't have gone there."

I felt somewhat reproof in my husband's voice, and I took refuge in remarking tartly:

"Well, what did you suggest it for?"

"If you will wait, Mrs. Smith," said my husband, rising, "I'll walk up to father's and just find out positively if the bundle went there or not. If it didn't, we must inquire at the express office. Of course it will turn up."

So he went off, and we sat and talked until he came back, but when he did come it was only to say:

"They don't know anything about any bundle."

We exclaimed, and wondered, and surmised, for a little while, and then my husband went down town and inquired at the express office. After he went Mrs. Smith explained to me that Mr. Haven in his trips across the Atlantic, had been so bothered by frequent applications from friends to take over to America various bundles, sometimes of dutiable goods, which he was expected to smuggle, that he had for years made it a point to say "no" to all such requests from everybody, no matter from whom they might come; but that my sister not being aware of this fact, had asked him to take the small bundle for me, and that he had gladly done so. Miss Haven had described the bundle to Mrs. Smith. It was about ten inches long and five wide, and was done up in grey wrapping paper, and was fully addressed to me, state, city, street and number. Miss Haven remembered the bundle vividly, because when Mrs. Bowen had sent word that it was a small bundle, she judged that it might, perhaps, fill up a quarter of a trunk of ordinary size, and so had packed one of her trunks with reference to it, and was delightfully surprised when she found that from her point of view it really was a small bundle. It was the only bundle they brought over not their own. They had brought over two or three other gifts for friends, and all had been sent away at the same time from the hotel Brunswick, New York.

Here seemed a clue that I eagerly caught.

"It have gone as a gift to one of those friends, who had just acknowledged receiving their beautiful present, etc., and didn't specify what article had been received," I said.

"But," said Mrs. Smith, "the bundle was addressed to you. They never changed it at all, but just sent it off."

"Well," I said, "then the express company have mislaid it or lost it, but it would be a real comfort to me to know what was in that bundle."

"Write to your sister and find out," said Mrs Smith.

"Brilliant idea!" I sat down to my desk and wrote two letters, one to my sister in Paris, saying that I had just learned that she had sent me a bundle by Mr. Haven, and that it never reached me. As I wrote it occurred to me that she intended the gift as a surprise, and that was the reason I had not known of it. All this I wrote, and begged her to answer me at once. This was Monday night, and I was going to New York the next day. Mr. Haven was to sail for Havre on the next day but one. I wrote a note to Mr. Haven, who was to return alone, stating the facts about the bundle; that I deeply regretted to know that he had thought me remiss in acknowledging his kindness, etc., and added that the next day I was going to New York, and would be at the Brevoort House, and that if he had time I should be glad to see him there before he sailed. Both letters were mailed that night.

My husband came home and said the express office was shut up, and that ended that question.

The next day, when I reached the Brevoort, I found a note from Mr. Haven. Unfortunately I destroyed it that evening when I answered it, for the note then seemed to be of no consequence, and so I can give the substance only. It said that Mr. Haven was very sorry to learn from a letter he had just received from a friend in Hartland that I had never received the bundle, that it had been sent from the office of the Hotel Brunswick, and that he himself had handed the package to the clerk. He also stated that the clerk to whom he had given the package had left hotel, but the one in charge had assured him that no package of any kind was ever sent by them to any express company without a receipt being taken, and that he would look it up. Mr. Haven added that he regretted that some important business matters prevented his either looking up the matter himself or calling to see me at the Brevoort House, as he was to sail early the next day. He advised me, as I was then on the spot, to go to the headquarters of the Adams Express company, in New York, and state the case, and as I already had an accurate description of the bundle, it would certainly be found in a short time. And that was the sum and substance of it.

The next morning, as I was going down to Staten Island to a reception, and, as I had but a few days in town, and was extremely busy and knew that it would be too far down town unless I went on purpose, took a carriage to the ferry, and on the way down stopped at the Adams Express company.

I had not thought anything about my costume that afternoon, but if I had I should not have supposed that a very quiet black silk dress, even if I did have on a light straw bonnet with ostrich tips on it, would have attracted any attention. But I became conscious, as soon as I entered the doors of a rather grim-looking warehouse, that I wished I had on a rather dark bonnet. I felt that the one I had on was light, and that made me very uncomfortable to begin with. I should in retrospect feel this to be a case of absurd self-consciousness, if Emerson hadn't written what he did about clothes, and wearing proper clothes in order to have proper self-respect; but, remembering those words, I take courage and go on with the tale.

I stated to the first man, who stood near the doorway, and who seemed to belong to the place, that I had come to find a missing bundle, and asked of whom I should inquire. He waved me aside with a quite magnificent gesture, and said:

"You'd better ask one of the clerks."

I felt crushed, but tried not to look so, and I went still deeper into the gloom and dust, seeing in the far distance two western windows that seemed to catch some dim radiance from some source far above. I went on, and presently a young man met me who appeared to look astonished, but he was very polite. I said, "I came to inquire about a missing bundle," and began my story. He said in the middle of my first sentence:

"Will you kindly come this way to the office?"

So I followed him.

When I first entered the doors I couldn't see a man, but suddenly they seemed to grow up everywhere. Every huge box seemed to have a head behind it, and they all had eyes, and they were all looking at me. I felt very awkward and out of place, and for the time being I wished I never had been born.

At last we reached a small, glass-inclosed space, when my guide opened a pew kind of a door and said: "A lady about a lost bundle," and I found myself standing before a man that terrified me so—and I am not a timid woman—that I haven't an idea what he looked like, except that he seemed inoffensive in every way. He offered me a chair, and I sat down and tried to make myself believe that this man was not really the whole Adams Express company; for this was the reason he seemed so terrifying. After while I was able to tell him pretty clearly about my lost bundle.

I accurately described its appearance and size and all I knew about it, and also all I did not know about its contents. He listened very politely, and then gave me a blow that seemed to be entirely out of rule. He said:

"Have you inquired for it at the office of the Hotel Brunswick?"

"N-o-o," said doubtfully, "but I suppose Mr. Haven did."

"Ah, yes," he said; "Well, have you been to the Twenty-third street office? It would naturally have gone there."

"No," I said, "I haven't inquired anywhere but here. Mr. Haven told me to come here."

"Well!"

He didn't say much more; neither did I. He took my name and address, and then he opened the door for me and said he would do all in his power to have the bundle found, and that I should hear from him. And I walked out it didn't seem to me that I had done much about finding my bundle by inquiring at headquarters.

The next day I went to the Hotel Brunswick, and a clerk came up into the parlor and saw me.

By that time I was tired of telling my story, and so I went over it as rapidly as possible. The clerk listened quite politely as the august representative of the express company had done, and when I finished he assured me that the bundle would certainly be found "in the near future." I was very much impressed by that phrase, as he probably meant I should be. He said:

"It stands to reason that it must be found. We never send away a bundle without taking a receipt."

So saying, he politely ended, and I got myself out on the sidewalk and felt at first pretty sure of my bundle, but on second thought I felt somewhat doubtful. They all assured me that it would be found, and yet—well, I began to feel very doubtful.

The next day I went home. I waited a month for an answer to my letter to my sister. But when I did receive a letter from her it was not an answer to mine, which had evidently not reached her, as she only spoke of the receipt of a letter of a date some two weeks previous.

To make a long story short, I may say that I never got an answer to my letter to my sister. She was traveling about, and her letters were short and full of daily experiences. But it seemed exceedingly strange to me that she made no allusion at all to the letter about the bundle. In each of my letters to her I spoke of my bundle and asked her to tell me about it, what was in it; was she sure of her address? etc.

Finally, feeling sure that that particular and most important letter had been lost, I wrote a duplicate of it, as nearly as I could, and sent it on. In the meantime I had received two letters—one from the Adams express company, in which they said that they could find no trace of the lost bundle, and also that no receipt could be found for it either in their books or in the Hotel Brunswick.

I received also a letter from the Hotel Brunswick.

It was the same tenor; they had no record; they regretted extremely the loss and annoyance to me and Mr. Haven. They stated explicitly that no suspicion could be attached to the clerk, who had left them, and regretted that they were unable to give him his address.

The bundle was no longer "missing." It was—

I felt resigned. I consoled myself. I even became glad. I reflected that if it had been stockings of a rare and peculiar quality—and certainly my sister, knowing my fastidious taste, wouldn't have sent me common silk stockings—they might been the cause of producing all sorts of disasters.

For instance, if they had been silk stockings of uncommon beauty, I should have had no shoes to match. I might have found something at O'Neil's to match; or, if not to match, to do tolerably. And, good gracious! there would have been a pretty bill to pay! Then my dress would have had to be of a "simple elegance." We all know what that means. "Simple elegance" is the most expensive kind of elegance in the market. To dress in simple elegance and sit in an ordinary parlor would have been impossible. To make over my parlor to fit my clothes would have been financial ruin to my husband and moral ruin to my boys.

Could I have had my boys careering in and out in dusty shoes and with disreputable clothes, fit for shooting and bicycling and "blacksmithing," if I had had a spick and span fashionable drawing-room? And I would have had to have the drawing-room in harmony. I couldn't have lived and borne life's trials with my clothes swearing at my furniture, and the latter would have gone to ruin, because they have always been where I am, and if they wouldn't fit in that place, I should have had to keep them out, and then, having no place to be at ease at home, they would have gone out evenings regularly, and they might have gone to ruin. So that's why I'm glad.

But I did want to know what was in the bundle, and I did want it found, because it might have been something else that wasn't moral and financial ruin.

The months wore away, and it was six months since I first heard of my bundle. It was December, and my sister was coming home, and all that time had passed without having heard a word about the bundle. I went to New York to meet Mrs. Bowen, but I had a dreadful cold on my lungs, and could scarcely speak, and as I was visiting far up street, I did not go to the dock to meet her, but waited till she had reached the hotel; and I walked into the Brevoort house half an hour after she reached there. After five minutes of saying "How are you, dear?" "Are you awfully tired?" "Did you have a rough time?" "Too bad you were sick!"—there is never anything else to say when your dearest friends have been gone a few years—at least, not at first—I said:

"For pity's sake, do tell me what was in that bundle you sent me?"

My sister was reading one of the heap of letters that had been handed her just as I entered the room. After a few seconds she raised her eyes and dropped the letter.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am glad you spoke of that. I've been wondering what in the world you meant in all your later letters by asking me about a bundle."

"Yes, the bundle; do tell me about it. I kept writing you about it, and you never answered. Why didn't you?"

"Yes," said my sister, "your letters became really quite troublesome about a bundle. Now will you tell me what you mean by it?"

I began to open by mouth, when she said:

"You see, I couldn't make head nor tail of it, and writing mixes things up so. I thought I would wait until I saw you."

"Well, what was in it?" I said.

"In what?"

She looked extremely puzzled.

"In what?" I almost shrieked. I would have shrieked if I could have, but my cold was so bad that I could just speak above a whisper. "Why, the bundle, of course."

"What bundle?" and she really did speak very loud. "What bundle? I don't know what on earth you mean."

"The bundle you sent me by Mr. Haven. What other bundle can I mean?"

"The bundle I sent you by Mr. Haven! I never sent you any bundle by Mr. Haven!"

I fell back in my chair and gasped. I couldn't speak for a moment, and then I repeated:

"Never sent me any bundle by Mr. Haven!"

"Never! What an idea. What made you think I did?"

When I could collect my senses and my breath, I told her the story from beginning to end, and then she was as astonished and mystified as we all had been. She solemnly asserted that she never had sent me any bundle by any one, and that if she had ever sent me a present it wasn't at all likely she would have forgotten it.

And that was perfectly true. She could not have forgotten it if she had sent me a gift, and I knew it. But, on the other hand, there was Mr. Haven and his positive assertion, and his feelings, were very much involved.

From that day to this it has remained an absolute mystery. The word of Mrs. Bowen is not to be disputed; neither the word of Mr. Haven.

There have been a great many explanations of this affair of the bundle, and many questions asked. This is a specimen:

"Why didn't you go to the Twenty-third street office? It would naturally have gone there from the Brunswick!"

"But it was never sent!"

"Oh! yes, to be sure!"

My sister still says she never sent a bundle; but Mr. Haven said the last time I knew of his speaking of it that I said I did.

"I took a bundle just as I said I did."

If this is so, what did become of "the bundle that—?"

CHEATING THE LAW.

The Coroner Injured Because the Man Did Not Drown.

A family recently moved into a central Dakota county from the East. Three or four mornings after a lumber wagon drove up and a man got out and rapped at the door. The woman appeared and the man said:

"Good mornin', ma'am, I hope you hain't fished him out yet?"

"What is it, sir?"

"I say I hope everything remains just as it was—that's the law in cases of this kind, ye know."

"I don't understand you."

"I can't see why you don't—you must know what's happened an' what the law requires in such cases. This is the jury out in the wagon an' I'm coroner—don't delay us 'cause we're all anxious to earn our fees an' git back an' git in a day's work harvestin'—grain's powerful ripe, ma'am."

"There hasn't been any death here, sir!"

"There hain't? Didn't your husband fall down the well?"

"No, sir!"

"Didn't he git wanderin' 'round in the night an' tumble down an old well into four feet of water an' drown'd an' break his neck both at the same time?"

"No, sir, he didn't. He's out in the field at work now. One of our calves fell down an old well last night."

"D'ye hear that, boys?—that's how the blame yarn got started! Madam, tell yer husband to be very keerful in the future—if we come again we shall hold the inquest whether he is dead or not!" Then as he turned and climbed in the wagon he added: "Bill, jest keep that verdick ye writ up—the durned fool may drop down that well yet."—*Dakota Bell.*

There Are No He Angels.

But do we ever think of a "he" angel? Never. In poetry and song, in picture and statue they are always "she." The idea of an angel in swallowtail coat or an ulster! When a man sings, "Thou art the angel of my dreams," is he thinking of a being in pantaloons, with a stove-pipe hat on his head? Not much, but of a glorious, floating symphony in white muslin, with blue ribbons and golden locks and starry eyes, with the first flush of the morning on her cheeks. That is the kind of angel he is after. To be sure the Scriptures don't speak of a "she" angel. St. John, who wrote most about them, says, "he" placed one foot on the land and the other on the sea, and uses the masculine pronoun each time in speaking of them. And Jacob doubtless did not wrestle with a feminine angel, because he would have been more polite, but in those old days women had not taken the advanced position which a higher civilization has given her. To-day "she" is the angel and no other.

Fair Game.

A New York gossiper says: The obtuse Englishman at a dinner party is Larry Jerome's natural prey. With the utmost gravity he pumps him full of the most astonishing circumstances of his career as warrior, editor, hunter, fisherman, yachtsman, statesman, guide, philosopher and friend. "I came of a large family," is his customary preface. "There were ten of us boys, and each of us had a sister."

"Ah, indeed!" the obtuse Englishman remarks, "twenty of you."

"No," says Uncle Larry, scornfully; "eleven."

Humor.

FUN FROM VARIED SOURCES.

Bright Bits of Humor for Summer Reading on the Mountains or by the Sea.

"Young man," said the temperance reformer, "do you drink?"

"Yes," replied the youth, "but you'll have to excuse me; I've just had two treats."—*Texas Siftings.*

"What are you doing now, Thomas?" asked the minister, patronizingly.

"I am a writer for the press," said the lad proudly.

"Indeed, you are quite young for that. What do you write?"

"I direct wrappers."

Old lawyer—"I don't like that case and am sorry that you took hold of it."

Young Lawyer—"Oh! it's all right. We'll win."

"Have you arranged for the witnesses?"

"No, but I have arranged for the jury."

Daughter—Mother, may I go in to bathe?

Mother—Yes, my darling daughter, put on that thousand dollar dress, sit on the beach, and let a New York reporter describe your bewitching costume—but don't go in the water.

"M' dear," said he to his lady love, "I've been busy all day; not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind."

"Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a look of tender sympathy in her eyes which aroused him. She was quite in earnest. He changed the subject.

Johnny (rushing in excitedly)—Mother, stick your head out of the window, quick! Mother—What's the matter, Johnny, house on fire?

Johnny—No; but I've bet Billy Jones a nickel against a quarter that I've got the ugliest mother on the block. Stick your head out of the window, quick, so he kin see for himself.—*Texas Siftings.*

Railroad President—"This won't do. We must think of some way to increase travel."

Superintendent—"I have hit upon a good scheme. Travel will be so heavy we can't manage it inside of a month."

"Eh! What have you struck?"

"I am going to offer reduced rates to all committees of 1,000 or more who want to go to Washington to invite the President to visit their towns."

A little girl who had been carefully trained by her mother was being dressed for church on Sunday. The gay gown had been put on, and the little one surveyed herself with evident satisfaction.

"Mamma," she said, "does God see everything?"

"Certainly, dear," said the mother.

"Does He see me now?"

"Why, yes," replied the astonished matron.

"Well, then, He sees a pretty neat-looking little girl, doesn't He, mamma?"

Wife—"There isn't anything to eat in the house, Jake."

Husband—"Can't help it, I ain't got no money."

"Wasn't you paid off this week?"

"Wasn't at work."

Not at work? What on earth have you been doing?"

"I've been helping to organize a branch of Henry George's Anti-Poverty society."

Office-seeker (in Washington)—"I have had a long wait, Mr. President."

The President—"I have been spending a few days out on my farm."

"So I heard."

"If you knew I was there why didn't you come out?"

"I don't enjoy trips into the country much."

"That's queer."

"Yes, I don't know why it is but seeing men working out in the fields always makes me tired."

Omaha man—No use talking, this ice water drinking in hot weather is a bad thing.

Temperance advocate—I don't see how you make that out.

"You remember old Rednose? Well, he was on a big spree all last week and it did not hurt him a bit. Well, at last his money ran out and he took a long walk in the sun to borrow some more to spree on, and when half way there stopped and got a drink of ice water."

"Well?"

"Before he got another square he dropped dead."

Hotel keeper—I want to put up some sort of a notice to keep the guests out of the back hall. Some of them have got into the kitchen, and the chief cook is very jealous of his professional secrets.

Friend—Send out and get a "No Admittance" sign.

Hotel keeper—That sounds too harsh. I want something which won't look so much like a regular order—some motto or other.

Friend—Oh, put over the kitchen door, "Ignorance is Bliss."

"Do you suffer much from cold feet?" inquired the shoe merchant with kindly interest, as he complied with the lady's request and showed her the thickest-soled shoe he had in the store.

"She suffer?" broke in her husband impetuously. "Great Scot! She suffers! Not much! I'm the victim; I'm the one that has to suf—"

"George!" said the lady. That was all she said, but George seemed to understand, and the merchant observed in a deferential and funereal way that it looked as if there was going to be some kind of a storm if the wind didn't change.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In an Off-Hand Way.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trusted employes, "when you are down seeing about that lime this morning, I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner."

"Yes, sorr."

"I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan on his return.

"I'm very glad; you merely alluded to it in an off-hand way I suppose."

"Yes, sorr, I handed him the bill and towld him if he didn't pay it I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forget for a while, and he paid it at wanst."

The Chicago Woman's Testimony.

Omaha bride—Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way.

Omaha dame—It's only a lover's quarrel, dear. Don't get a divorce.

"Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it!"

"No, it's no use dear, no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you that it is just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike."

Not That Kind of Pie.

"Don't you eat pie?" he asked of the young man who sat next to him in the restaurant.

"Oh, yes."

"But you don't take any."

"He said pumpkin pie."

"But what's the matter with pumpkin pie?"

"Why, I'm the grocery clerk who sold him the canned pumpkin and gave him 20 off because we had had the cans in stock for three years."

Could Do Something for Her.

"Tongue cannot tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said. "I would do anything in the world for you."

"Would you?" she asked, wearily.

"Try me."

"Well, go and spend the evening with Lily Brown."

"Lily Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished.

"I hate her."

Bad Fix for a Medical Student.

A young medical student of Paris said recently to the chief surgeon of several military and civic hospitals:

"Doctor, I don't think I'll ever be a success at sawing bones, for the sight of blood paralyzes my faculties."

"I'm in the same fix," eplied the surgeon, "so when I amputate a leg or an arm I have to close my eyes."

Funny When He Talks That Way.

Mrs. Smith—"Does you husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Bascom—"Every night, reg'lar."

Mrs. Smith—"Isn't it an awful trial?"

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A Prudent Man.

Brown—My dear fellow—two umbrellas! What on earth's that for?

Jones—Why in case I leave one anywhere.

BURDETTE.

Humorous Still in Spite of the Humidity.

TOO MUCH COMPETITION.

"Terrible storm that, last evening, George." "Didn't hear it, old man." "Didn't hear it! Man alive, it thundered fit to wake the dead!" "Ha, I thought I saw lightning, but I didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife's is visiting her, and they haven't seen each other for ten years."

PHYSICAL DISABILITY.

"No," said Parson Goodenough, with a sigh, "I never attended college. I prepared, but our family physician said I was troubled with heart disease, and that any sudden or extraordinary exertion might prove fatal, and I was always weak in the arms, anyhow; so all the education I have I got at school and from books."

MADE DESPERATE BY HUNGER.

A well known and trustworthy citizen of Citra, Fla., saw a large alligator come out of the water, dash among a drove of hogs, take the best one in the lot and ate him. The rest of the hogs then rallied, attacked the alligato, killed him and ate him. That the hogs should eat the alligator is not at all a matter for surprise, but any man who has ever seen a Florida hog can realize to what a frenzied pitch of starving desperation the alligator must have been wrought.

AT THE PARSONAGE.

Servant, to the parson, who is very ill indeed: "If you please, sir, the chorister is down stairs and wants to know if you won't give him the hymns for next Sunday's service?" Parson, feebly: "Tell him there will be no service; I expect to be dead before next Sunday." Servant, exit and reenter: "If you please, he says then will you be kind enough to send down the hymns you like sung at the funeral?" (Parson recovers much more rapidly than horiester.)

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

"There's nothing serious the matter with him, is there, doctor?" asks Mrs. Fivaround, anxiously. The doctor shook his head, thoughtfully. "He's a very sick man," he said, slowly; "a very sick man; I hardly believe—Travel will be so heavy we can't manage it inside of a month."

"Eh! What have you struck?"

"I am going to offer reduced rates to all committees of 1,000 or more who want to go to Washington to invite the President to visit their towns."

A little girl who had been carefully trained by her mother was being dressed for church on Sunday. The gay gown had been put on, and the little one surveyed herself with evident satisfaction.

"Mamma," she said, "does God see everything?"

"Certainly, dear," said the mother.

"Does He see me now?"

"Why, yes," replied the astonished matron.

"Well, then, He sees a pretty neat-looking little girl, doesn't He, mamma?"

Wife—"There isn't anything to eat in the house, Jake."

Husband—"Can't help it, I ain't got no money."

"Wasn't you paid off this week?"

"Wasn't at work."

Not at work? What on earth have you been doing?"

"I've been helping to organize a branch of Henry George's Anti-Poverty society."

Office-seeker (in Washington)—"I have had a long wait, Mr. President."

The President—"I have been spending a few days out on my farm."

"So I heard."

"If you knew I was there why didn't you come out?"

"I don't enjoy trips into the country much."

"That's queer."

"Yes, I don't know why it is but seeing men working out in the fields always makes me tired."

Omaha man—No use talking, this ice water drinking in hot weather is a bad thing.

Temperance advocate—I don't see how you make that out.

"You remember old Rednose? Well, he was on a big spree all last week and it did not hurt him a bit. Well, at last his money ran out and he took a long walk in the sun to borrow some more to spree on, and when half way there stopped and got a drink of ice water."

"Well?"

"Before he got another square he dropped dead."

Hotel keeper—I want to put up some sort of a notice to keep the guests out of the back hall. Some of them have got into the kitchen, and the chief cook is very jealous of his professional secrets.

Friend—Send out and get a "No Admittance" sign.

Hotel keeper—That sounds too harsh. I want something which won't look so much like a regular order—some motto or other.

Friend—Oh, put over the kitchen door, "Ignorance is Bliss."

"Do you suffer much from cold feet?" inquired the shoe merchant with kindly interest, as he complied with the lady's request and showed her the thickest-soled shoe he had in the store.

"She suffer?" broke in her husband impetuously. "Great Scot! She suffers! Not much! I'm the victim; I'm the one that has to suf—"

"George!" said the lady. That was all she said, but George seemed to understand, and the merchant observed in a deferential and funereal way that it looked as if there was going to be some kind of a storm if the wind didn't change.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In an Off-Hand Way.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trusted employes, "when you are down seeing about that lime this morning, I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner."

"Yes, sorr."

"I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan on his return.

"I'm very glad; you merely alluded to it in an off-hand way I suppose."

"Yes, sorr, I handed him the bill and towld him if he didn't pay it I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forget for a while, and he paid it at wanst."

The Chicago Woman's Testimony.

Omaha bride—Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way.

Omaha dame—It's only a lover's quarrel, dear. Don't get a divorce.

"Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it!"

"No, it's no use dear, no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you that it is just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike."

Not That Kind of Pie.

"Don't you eat pie?" he asked of the young man who sat next to him in the restaurant.

"Oh, yes."

"But you don't take any."

"He said pumpkin pie."

"But what's the matter with pumpkin pie?"

"Why, I'm the grocery clerk who sold him the canned pumpkin and gave him 20 off because we had had the cans in stock for three years."

Could Do Something for Her.

"Tongue cannot tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said. "I would do anything in the world for you."

"Would you?" she asked, wearily.

"Try me."

"Well, go and spend the evening with Lily Brown."

"Lily Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished.

"I hate her."

Bad Fix for a Medical Student.

A young medical student of Paris said recently to the chief surgeon of several military and civic hospitals:

"Doctor, I don't think I'll ever be a success at sawing bones, for the sight of blood paralyzes my faculties."

"I'm in the same fix," eplied the surgeon, "so when I amputate a leg or an arm I have to close my eyes."

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A Prudent Man.

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Miscellany.

WARM SPELLS.

They Are Not Produced by Waves, but are the Result of a Succession of "Lows."

Modern meteorology has given rise to a number of new terms. The words are old, but they are used in a new sense, as, for example, "high," "low," "local," "warm" and "cold" waves. The "cold wave" is, more strictly speaking, a "wave" than a "warm wave." The "cold wave" is the result of a condition of atmosphere passing over us, like a great wave from the west toward the east. The "warm wave" is the effect produced by the condition "low" moving far to the north of us, say on a line of 50 degrees or 60 degrees north latitude. The "low" itself is not a "warm wave," as in the case of the "high," a cold wave, but the condition which causes the warm wave to the south of the center.

When "high" is passing it cools the atmosphere in proportion to its extent and intensity, and one "high" will produce all the effect. Between it and another "high" will be a "low," or lower condition, which will change the clear, cool, bracing atmosphere so peculiar to this barometric pressure. One excessive and intense "high" produces a very positive change, but one "low" passing on a north line will not be the cause of sufficient heat to be termed a "warm wave." The atmosphere, cooled by a "high," or north wind resulting from a south "low," will not be heated to its maximum temperature by a north "low." But when the two "lows" immediately follow one another, and after awhile the territory of the south of the centre will become more and more heated till it becomes intense, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 100 degrees, or even more, from the cotton states to Canada.

Between the "lows" as between the "highs" the opposite condition (in this case "high") will prevail to some extent, but the degree will be so moderate in such cases that it will not have much effect to cool before the next "low" following advances eastward on the same high line of latitude.

It frequently happens that it is much pleasanter and cooler in the summer in the cotton states than in New England and Canada. Such will be the case when "highs" repeatedly move along the southern borders and the "lows" move on a north line. The south "highs" keep the Southern states cool, while the southern winds, coming over a wide expanse of country, whereby they become heated, like passing over heated plates, cause the Northern states to vend repair. No man living ever tendered beyond repair. The more protracted such a condition the greater the heat of the north country.

If the south "high" is of maximum intensity, say thirty and five six-tenths, then the south winds will be delightful, and well worthy of the Indian's appellation, the "sweet southwest." But if, as this year, the "high" is no more than thirty or twenty-nine and nine-tenths inches, and the gradient is correspondingly low, a very different condition of both the "high" and "low" and the "low" centres, one after another, follow on a high line of latitude, we have a warm wave that is like the continued heat of a furnace without even the virtue of the drying properties of the furnace. We have a warm, humid atmosphere which simply resembles the "sweat box"—a "sweat box" on a large scale. And this is what we have had so much of this summer; a high thermometer with a low barometer, the meanest condition of atmosphere that can be conceived of, and one that is most trying to man and beast.—*Washington Star.*

ECONOMICAL SCIENCE.

Notes on Low Prices, High Wages and Small Profits.

The minds of many persons have been and are greatly disturbed because there has been in recent years a great reduction in the prices of nearly all the leading articles of commerce, the principal decline dating substantially from the year 1873. This decline in prices began soon after the war in the United States, but the general decline in all countries on a specie basis may be dated from 1873. By whatever standard prices are measured (and there are many carefully compiled tables), the average is found to be the lower at the present time than at any period since a date anterior to the year 1850, in spite of the large supply of gold from California, and a little later from Australia, began to effect the volume of the money metals of the world. In most of the discussions of the money question this great fall in prices has been treated as if it were a misfortune, and it is often held that any measure of legislation ought to be adopted which might tend to check it. Is not this a very partial and one-sided view of the subject? Some one has wisely and wittily said that "it does not much matter what happens to the millionaire—how is it with the million?" If it shall appear that out of this great reduction in prices the millions have gained higher wages, that hundreds of thousands of families have gained better homes and greater comfort in life, while those who have suffered temporary loss have been only the rich who have been incapable of adjusting themselves to the new conditions, or the unskilled poor who have been unable to grasp the golden opportunities which the new conditions offered them, then may we not come to the conclusion that diminished profits and low prices are merely the complement of higher wages and lower cost, and are, therefore, most certain indications of general progress from poverty to welfare, yet still leaving the problem open, how to help the unskilled poor? It will be remembered that it has been stated that so far as the great mass of the people of this and of other lands are concerned, about one-half the cost of living is the price paid for the materials for food, the cost of food to consumers and to producers, and support being as a rule much more than half their income. The question of interest to those who assume to be strictly the working classes is not so much what the price of the necessities of life may be, as it is how many portions of food, fuel and clothing each one can buy at the rate paid for his labor, and how good a shelter each one can procure for one day's or one year's earnings. In other words, what is, or what has been, the value of a day's labor converted into the commodities which are necessary to existence?—*Century.*

SHE'S LOST HER PURSE,

But She'll Find It Again if You Give Her Time and Place.

About one-third of the men—and three-fourths of the women—who travel at night should wear gags. What do they talk about? Everything! Sometimes we railroaders have to blush for the somnambulists. Married men talk more in their sleep than bachelors, and married women all talk at night. I suppose it's the force of the habit at home. The first thing a man does when he wakes up is to pull out his watch to learn the time. A woman's first act is to blush, and then indignantly glance around the car, as if defying anybody to say she'd been guilty of going to sleep in a railroad car with a lot of men in it. The next instant she dives into her dress to see if her pocketbook isn't gone. Nine times out ten the lady thought so scarce that she wouldn't trust the purse if it was big as a bustle. Then she jumps up in the seat and shakes her dress. Of course she doesn't hear it drop, but she must look on the floor and under the seats. By this time the conductor or a brakeman has arrived and innocently asked her what was wrong, adding, instantly anxious, that her purse is in her pocket, because experience has taught him that's what she is looking for and where she find it. She tak

Recent Literature.

Another of Tolstoi's works which is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, is "My Confession and the Spirit of Christ's Teaching." In this work he has detailed at length his struggles to discover the true meaning of life, how he waded through the various forms of skepticism, examined the different kinds of religious belief, and still in it all, he could find no answer to the vital question of why life was given to him. Outwardly he had every thing to render him happy, and yet he was restless and dissatisfied. The story of his search for the truth is wonderful and absorbing, the more so that it touches upon, and often mirrors the experiences of others, with regard to the same matter.

The essays published monthly last year by F. J. Needham, No. 22 Tremont Row, Boston, under the general title of "White Cross Library," the author of which is Prentice Mulford, have been collected into a neat little volume called "Your Forces and How to Use Them" that will do its readers a world of good. These essays are short, strong in style, and practical, though to one who has thought little of the almost unused powers of a human being they might not seem so. They will bear reading and re-reading, for the mine of fresh thought contained therein, nor can they fail to arouse a desire for a broader spiritual development, and more earnest and better living. Price $1.25. Postage 10 cents.

The little story of "Katia," by Count Leon Tolstoi, published in pamphlet form, by William Z. Gottsberger, New York, is a marvel of character drawing by a master hand. It is sad because the slow fading of the enthusiasms and dreams of youth is always sad but it is beautiful, and cannot fail to touch the heart.

From Cassell & Co., New York, comes a clever little allegory entitled "The Republic of the Future," by Anna Bowman Dodd. It is founded upon supposition as to what Socialism is leading our country, which is exceedingly well conceived and executed. The book presents a series of letters written by a young Swedish nobleman, living in the twenty-first century, to a friend in Sweden. It is exceedingly ingenious and amusing.

Another story in paper covers from the same publishers is "Calamity Jane," by Mrs. George E. Spencer. A newly-married couple go out to the gold mines in search of fortune, which they find after many chapters of vicissitudes. They encounter impossible types of men, all the way from stage-drivers down to bandits, and are befriended in all sorts of perilous crises by "Calamity Jane," who masquerades as a man, is a terror, a gambler, an outcast and a repentant sinner, all in one, and dies, finally, in the arms of saintly Meg, the pious wife of the aristocratic New York fortune-seeker.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, have issued a new 25-cent pocket map of Ohio, which is also arranged to serve as a shippers' guide. It shows the cities, towns, postoffices, railroad stations, villages, counties, islands, lakes, rivers, creeks, and, in detail, the complete railway system. It designates the nearest mailing points, money order postoffices, telegraph stations and express companies. By means of cross lines the location of any place in the state can be quickly traced.

O. Judd Co., New York, have issued the fourth edition of Peter Henderson's valuable "Practical Floriculture" much enlarged and improved. The amateur or professional florist will find few books which tells more or tells it better. It is a methodical, concise, clear writing, and practical in its teachings

"Musical Crotchets," by H. J. Schonacker is issued by Cathcart, Cleland & Co., Indianapolis. It is a story, the opening scene of which is laid near Chicago in a small village known as Hazeldel. The moving power of the whole is music and its influence upon the human mind and character. The book is in clear type and well bound.

Literary Notes.

Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black") is one of the latest additions to the literary colony at Narrangansett Pier.

The husband of Miss Sally Pratt McLean, author of Cape Cod Folks," is Mr. T. L. Green, a Chihuahua miner.

Palmer Cox's Brownie poems and pictures are to be reprinted from *St. Nicholas* in book form by the Century company.

The proper name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of the charming story of "Alice in Wonderland," is said to be the Rev. C. Lutwidge Dodgson.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in the fall "Pen and Ink: Essays on Subjects of More or Less Importance," a volume of literary papers by Brander Matthews.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Mrs. Craik), will present in the *Forum* for September a woman's estimate of the distinctive mental and moral characteristics of men.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker of New York, has in press "Living Voices of Living Men," a collection of practical sermons by representative Bishops and clergy of the American church.

Mr George P. Upton is about to add to his "Standard" musical series a volume of "Standard Cantatas." This will be followed by a volume on "Standard Symphonies."

A book of much value to students of American political history has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the work of Charles A. O'Neill, of New York.

There are a great many people who will be glad to hear that Mrs. Walford, the author of "Mr. Smith" and "Cousins," has nearly finished a new serial story, which will be begun in the October number of *Blackwood*.

There is a rod in pickle for Mr. Rider Haggard. It is rumored that the Putnams are about to re-publish Dr. Maya's "Thinlah's," which ran through 30 editions some twenty years ago, and leave the world to judge whether Mr. Haggard found his inspiration for "Allan Quatermain."

In an article on "The Sixteenth Amendment," to appear in the *Forum* for September, Senator Ingalls will set forth the arguments derivable from history and from political science which go to show the impolicy of extending the right of suffrage to women.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, before sailing for America, where he intends to live on a Colorado ranch for some years, will issue a reprint of "Virginibus Puerisque," and a volume entitled "Memories and Portraits," which is largely composed of autobiographical studies and sketches.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for September opens with a brilliant romance entitled "The Red Mountain Mines," by Lew Vanderpoole, author of "Ruhainah," etc., in which the pioneer life of California is painted with a firm and artistic hand.

The tale of Japanese life which H. E. House, for many years a resident of Japan, has contributed to the September *Scribner*, contains a novel love story, in which the hero is a wealthy young American and the heroine a Japanese girl.

The story of Verdi's life and of the production of his recent opera, "Othello," at Milan will be told by Miss Blanche Roosevelt in a new work, "Verdi, Milan and 'Othello,'" which Ward & Downey, London, have ready for publication. The book is dedicated to Mr. Wilkie Collins, and will contain several portraits and other illustrations.

Scribner's Magazine for September will contain a strong story, relating an engineer's unequal contest with a railroad company for damages for the severe injuries he received while in their service. The author is a Virginia lawyer, Mr. A. C. Gordon.

The Rev. W. W. Newton's new book, "The Vine Out of Egypt," upon which he has been working for the last five years, will be issued early in September by Thomas Whittaker, of New York. The volume is a history of the growth and development of the Episcopal church in America with special reference to the church life of the future.

A recent visitor to the grave of Thackeray in Kensal Green declares it to be "as simple and unpretentious as was his life." It is covered by a low wall of brick, on which is laid a large horizontal slab of white marble, perfectly plain and with only the full name and years of birth and death. His mother lies beside him. An iron railing rising a little higher than the slab surrounds the lot and is thickly entwined with ivy and other climbing vines. On the marble slab rested some freshly cut flowers.

Gone up in the World.

First gentleman—"See that cab horse? Well, he was once the celebrated race-horse Sheet Anchor, but now he is only the cab horse Excelsior."

Second gentleman—"What on earth do they call him Excelsior for?"

First gentleman—"Because he stands for hire. Ta-ta."

THE RINGS IN TREES.

Some Curious Observations in Measurements of Forest Growth.

Every day some pet theory, long held and honestly venerated, is being demolished and sent to the limbo of myth with Tell's apple, Washington's cherry tree and other old acquaintances. Now the age rings in trees have to suffer limbonization, if the word may be allowed. Mr. R. W. Furras, an agent of the United States Forestry department, who has given much attention to the age of a tree as indicated by rings, as well as to the period at which trees of different species stop growing and that at which the wood is at its best, has reached some conclusions of general interest. He says:

"Concentric or annual rings, which were once accepted as good legal evidence, fail, except where climate, soil, temperature, humidity and all other surroundings are regular and well balanced. Otherwise they are mere guesswork. The only region within my knowledge where either rings or measurements are reliable indications are in the secluded, even and regularly tempered valleys of the Southern Pacific coast." Annual measurements of white elm, catalpa, soft maple, sycamore, pig hickory, cottonwood, chestnut, box elder, honey locust, coffee tree, burr and white oak, black walnut, osage orange, white pine, red cedar, mulberry and yellow willow (nineteen species), made in Southeastern Nebraska, show that "annual growth is very irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible, and again quite large," and this he attributes to the difference in seasons. As trees increase in age inner rings decrease in size, sometimes almost disappearing. Diminished rate in growth after a certain age is a rule. Of four great beeches mentioned in London, there were three, each about seventeen feet in girth, whose ages were respectively sixty, 102 and 200 years. Mr. Furras found twelve rings in a black locust six years old, twenty-one rings in a shell bark hickory of twelve years, ten rings in a pig hickory of six years, eleven rings in a wild crabapple of five years, and only twenty rings in a chestnut oak of twenty-four years. An American chestnut of only four years had nine rings, while a peach of eight years had only five rings.

Dr. A. M. Childs, a resident of Nebraska from 1854 to 1882, a careful observer for the Smithsonian Institution, who counted rings on some soft maples eleven years two months old, found on one side of the heart of one of them 50 rings, and not less than 45 anywhere, which were quite distinct when the wood was green, but after it had been seasoned only 24 rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our northern hard woods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve, but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined. Where, however, quite distinct when the wood was green, but after it had been seasoned only 24 rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our northern hard woods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve, but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined. Where, however, quite local causes there is in any particular year a little or no cell growth. This may give a large number on one side. Upon the Pacific coast of North America trees do not reach the point where they stop growing nearly as early as those of the Atlantic coast. Two hundred years is nearly the greatest age attained on the eastern side of the continent by trees that retain their vigor, while 500 years is the case of several species on the Western coast, and one writer is confident that a sequoia which was measured was not less than 2,376 years old. At Wrangel, latitude 36 deg., Alaska, a western hemlock, 83 feet in diameter at the stump, was four feet in diameter 132 feet further up the trunk and its rings showed 432 years. But in the old Bartram Garden, near Philadelphia, not more than 150 years old, almost all the trees are on the down grade. The Quercus Robur, England's pride, which at home is said to live 1,000 years, has only half that and died in this garden, and the foreign spruces are following suit. Silver firs planted in 1800 are decaying. The great difference in the longevity of trees upon the western and eastern coasts of continents in the Northern Hemisphere seems to be due to the warm, moist air carried by strong and permanent ocean currents from the tropics northeasterly, in both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, which make the climate both moist and equable in high latitudes. In Sitka, latitude 57 deg., as much as 100 inches of rain have fallen in a year, and the harbor is rarely frozen enough to hinder the passage of boats. In some winters scarcely any ice is seen.—*Lumber World.*

HOW CHOCOLATE IS MADE.

Brought from the West Indies in the Pod and Put Through a Milling Process.

"Chocolate," said a confectioner, "is made from beans that grow in pods on the cacao tree. Those trees are numerous in the West Indies, and it is from there we get our supply. The beans are brought hither in the pod, and put through a regular manufacturing process to produce the chocolate cakes that we use. The first operation is the breaking of the husks and separating them from the kernels by a blast of air. Then the beans are ground with sugar by revolving granite grindstones. The stones are heated, and the oil contained in the bean makes the mass adhere and become a thick paste. This pulp is now partly dried and the air bubbles are squeezed out in a press, and it is transferred to the cooling tables. Here it is beaten and worked by hand to produce an even texture and a fine grain. When it is almost solidified, a blast of cold air is turned on, and in a few moments the beautiful glossy tablets are finished.

"The British government has recently directed that chocolate be served two or three times a week in their army and navy. In confectionery the Parisians exceed us in the number of preparations of chocolate. We use it in its natural flavor only, while they mix essences and other flavors with it, until there is no end to the combinations that they produce. In England much of the chocolate is adulterated. Some recent tests detected flour, starch, potato, lard, chalk, bran and old sea-biscuit in specimens offered for sale."

Male Gossips.

A well known New York banker, whose vaults are the depository of millions, fell into conversation with a *Tribune* reporter about a peculiar phase of social life. "It is not this the women alone are inclined to gossip, you should come and sit with me through a banking day. As customers come in, this one and that one will drop me a word about this or that man, until, as the day goes by, if I should believe all that I hear my faith would be destroyed in half the community. As a fact, a word may destroy the credit of a great house, or a shrug of the shoulders undermine a man's whole business fabric. The men who have capital are as a rule extremely guarded and suspicious. Suppose you have come to a capitalist for a loan of a large sum of money. He asks time to consider it. Ten minutes after you have gone I come in. He asks me if I know you. I answer, Yes. He asks if you are trustworthy. Instead of answering I shrug my shoulders and say I prefer not to talk about you. That will end it. You will not get a loan in that quarter. This gossip at the plazzas is only a phase of the current that runs through all affairs. This shrug of the shoulder has separated a good many friends." Men are more inclined to gossip than women are. One can hear more scandal talked in the male social clubs than he will hear in any female sewing society. And while women gossip about each other, men retail gossip, trivial and malicious, far and wide in reference to both sexes.

Ben Wade's Profanity.

It should go without saying that Charles Sumner was never guilty of profanity. Yet he was tolerant of those of his associates who, like Senator Wade, when right eously indignant, would drop with vigor into the vernacular of his early days.

Once, when the senator from Ohio had made the air sulphurous and lurid with his picturesque profanity over a peculiarly exasperating and dishonest performance in negrophobia of one of our generals, a milk-and-water sort of person who sneered, in his absence, at old Ben's language, was checked by Sumner's stare, and by his saying: "Could you have given a better expression of our opinion?"

"But the oaths," was the reply.

"Still it had to be done," said the senator, "you will admit that it was well done."

"But the oaths," reiterated the dilettante.

"Ah," said Sumner, "they are of the kind that my Uncle Toby said the Recording Angel will blot out with a tear." And then he added reflectively:

"And in old Ben's case it will be hard on the lachrymal glands."

Does Her Own Errands.

Lady (greatly excited)—Oh, doctor, pray do come at once to our house.

Doctor—Yes, directly. Who is so dangerously ill?

Lady—I am. But as I had no one to send I came myself to tell you.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HINTS FOR FAIR MAIDS.

A Lot of Fashion Notes Clipped from Everywhere that May be Useful.

A revival of tinsel seems imminent.

Repped silks are combined with plain with excellent effect.

Gold is extensively used for trimming light toilets—white, cream and gray.

The use of long trains upon toilets for dressy occasions is said to be on the increase.

Apron draperies are now plaited into the belt instead of across the skirts as formerly.

Striped gros grain in two or three colors is a recent addition to the list of dressy materials.

Strips of black ribbon covered with puffs of Malines net or lace are used to form square pockets on polonaises.

The skirts now worn afford an opportunity of making many changes in dress simply by wearing different bodices with them.

A serviceable wrap for general wear is of black Bengaline, with decorations of French lace and loops of black watered ribbon.

Skirts of lace are worn with draperies of other materials, even cashmere and other light woollens being made up in this way.

Waterproofs with pretty silk coverings are now so ventilated that they may be made to answer the purpose of a dust-cloak as well.

Pretty loose jackets, to be worn in the country or at the seaside, are trimmed with embroidery worked in ingrain cotton in various colors.

The loose blouse waist in some of its various forms is favored by sensible women for costumes for general wear in the country or at the seaside.

An arrangement for touching up a plain bodice consists of detachable revers of velvet coming from shoulders to waist, with four folds inside them near the front.

The high collars of combination dresses are made of two materials, the main portion being of the dress material, and that above the plastron of the material of the plastron.

A new waterproof of English manufacture is of cheviot tweed, with India-rubber between two thicknesses of cloth, which gives it the appearance of ordinary woollen material.

Woollen fringe appears once more as a border of the shoulder capes which almost invariably accompany traveling ulsters. The hoods and capes of these garments are mostly detachable.

The sailor hat has taken a new lease of life. Some of the newest are prettily trimmed with loops of ribbon at the back, some erect, and several being laid on the crown, pointing toward the front.

Short, full sleeves, terminating just above the elbow, are sometimes worn with dressy summer toilets. Long gloves, the tops of which are tucked inside the sleeves, are invariably worn with them.

It is said that the covert jacket for fall wear will be made in cloths of all colors to match the costume, instead of in the invariable pretty color which was seen so often in the spring as to become tiresome.

What is known as the sword-belt trimming is simply a scarf of silk, or plain, beaded or figured net, carried across the corsage from beneath the right arm to the left shoulder. Loops of ribbon are added at each place where the scarf is fastened to the bodice.

India silks and foulards are among the prettiest dress materials of the present season. They can be adapted to many occasions, and are light in weight, and are equally effective when simply made, or when they are lavishly ornamented with silk and ribbons.

Mikado and Mandarin prints are new cotton-dress materials, which remind one of the pleasant hours spent at the representation of a popular opera. Some of the designs are quaint and really pretty. Others, however, are too fantastic to find favor with ladies of good taste.

Night-dresses of striped percale in two shades of a single color are novel, and are particularly useful when traveling, yachting, etc. They are so made that there is scarcely a suggestion of night-dresses about them, and when worn a lady is always prepared for any sudden emergency.

Soft waistcoats, composed of a quarter of a yard of silk or muslin, gathered at either end, and skilfully pinned at the neck and waist, are pretty to wear with jacket bodices, being kept in at the waist by a belt. By having several vests of this description a pleasing variety may be produced in a plain costume.

Pretty lace aprons are made of skirt widths of Oriental or other lace, in black, ecru or white. A yard of flouncing is used, which is cut off at the top to make it the required length. This is finished at the sides by a hem or an edging of lace, and the top is gathered over a ribbon, which forms the belt and strings.

It may be interesting to the amateur milliner to know that to make loops of ribbon sit well the two ends of each loop should be plaited separately in several tiny folds and fastened firmly together with thread or fine wire. Long loops for a hat trimming should have a piece of wire the color of the ribbon fixed straight up the middle of one side of the loop.

Hand work is favored upon underwear. Hand made trimmings of all descriptions are sought for, and many pretty designs are seen, which furnish work for odd moments, and produce garnitures which are comparatively inexpensive, and quite as beautiful and more durable than anything the stores furnish. Tucks are often held in place and the spaces between them are ornamented by rows of fancy stitching.

Flowers Cultivated for Perfume.

One essential principle in perfume is culture is that all fancy and "improved" varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kind are exclusively grown. The roses grown are the common pink ones. The single wild violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties, and not a double tuberose is to be seen on any farm. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety being either discarded or unknown. The jasmine plants are set in rows about ten inches apart, and are closely pruned every year. Roses are grown on the lower terraces, and are likewise cut low, and the ground between the trees heavily manured.

After the roses have been gathered the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, so as to conserve for the next season the entire vigor of the plant. During the harvest season traders or middle men go through the country every day with wagons collecting flowers as they come, for which they pay prices varying according to the extent of the crop and the demands of the market. Their fragrant load is hurried to the nearest manufacturer and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. It is necessary that the flowers should be gathered in the morning as soon as possible after the dews of the preceding night have disappeared. In many cases laboratories are erected on the flower farms itself, and if the farm is of sufficient size this adds very much to its profits.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Ill-Kept Englishwomen.

One thing is painfully common even among the best kept English women, says a London correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, and that is an unsightly gap in the teeth, where one has been removed—it may be a front tooth itself. They never seem to think it necessary to have it replaced, and it gives a positive shock to an American accustomed to the scrupulous care of the teeth practiced by their country-women. Another difference is in the grizzled hair of many English ladies, who don't seem to have acquired the subtle spell of the American woman of 50 or thereabouts, whose hair suddenly turns to a lustrous, dazzling white, making the features twice as young by contrast. Of course the American ladies deny that they do anything to tide over the dreadful gray period, but all the same there are no grizzlies in American society, and there are innumerable handsome middle-aged women with snow white hair and youthful faces. This invaluable result has not yet crossed the Atlantic, but English ladies are sighing for it. They often ask, "How do the American ladies get their snow-white hair?" Which nobody has yet been found willing to answer.

She Faced the Regulators.

A pretty Nebraska widow who had ensnared the affections of many respectable farmers living near Wyman was recently ordered to leave the county by a band of "regulators" under penalty of a coat of tar and feathers. Nothing daunted by the threat, the widow bought a double-barrel shotgun and awaited developments. When the "regulators" approached the house to carry out their threats, the sight of a loaded gun pointing from one of the windows deterred them, and one of the number, in admiration of the woman's pluck, advanced under a flag of truce, proposed marriage and was accepted on the spot. Then a parson was called in, the marriage was celebrated, and the night wound up with a round of festivities.

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

JIM HASTING'S DUCK.

The Remarkable Story Told by the Alleged Forty-niner.

An antiquated individual, dressed in exceedingly shabby clothes, and with a gray hirsute appendage to his chin that would have made an ambitious goat of the male persuasion feel decidedly envious, ambled into the rooms of the state mining bureau yesterday. He immediately began to inspect the varieties of ores and minerals on exhibition there as if he was an officer regularly appointed by the state for that purpose. His advent upon the scene was soon made apparent by a series of guttural sounds which fee emitted at intervals of five seconds. At last these sounds culminated in a prolonged:

"Howlin' snakes!"

He was standing before some particularly fine specimens of gold quartz.

"I s'pose they call that gold," he snorted, addressing a meek little man who stood beside him.

The meek little man nodded assent.

"Wagh," with another snort, this time indicative of disgust. "D' they call them specimens of '49? Say, I don't reckon you were ever up at—'Cuss the Luck' bar, were you?"

"I don't think I ever was," said the meek man, thoughtfully.

"Of course you never knowed Jem Hastings then; me and him ran the bar in the early 50s. Talk of gold. Why we wouldn't trouble 'bout them ere chunks of gilded rock. We fed the lumps of solid metal as big as your hand. Where d'ye s'pose our mine was?"

"Give it up," was the laconic reply.

"Flight in the middle of Mudhen lake, and 'twas tur'ble deep down, too."

The meek little man began to show signs of interest, and inquired how they got the auriferous article from the watery depths.

"Ah," pursued the ancient one with a chuckle, "that's whar our genius came in. You see, Jem owned a big duck. It's name was Buster. We discovered the mine in this way. Buster was diving and havin' a royal time in the water, and after he had been sportin' about this way for 'bout an hour, we see'd him swimmin' to shore with somethin' shiny in his beak. Cuss me if 'twasn't a nugget of gold. 'Rah,' says Jem, 'our fortun's made.' He took Buster and petted him and gave him a solid meal of cold grub. Wal, that bird just encouraged to work hard, and soon as he had stuffed himself, Buster just went out on that there lake again and begun diving and bringin' up the gold at a great rate. Ye kin jest bang me with a pickhandle if Buster in the course of the next two hours didn't work like a Digger Injun when he gets a flask of whisky, and pile up a regular heap of little nuggets on the shore. Then he got kinder tired, and we took him and the gold to the tent. Wal," continued the ancient narrator, taking a deep breath, "we worked Buster for two days, and yer had better b'lieve that we had a goodish sight of gold. More'n 25 pounds I guess. Then an ijee struck Jem. He concluded that there were bigger nuggets at the bottom of the lake which Buster couldn't handle. So we rigged up a new scheme. We threw a big sack into the lake with a rock in it, so that it would sink, and with a rope tied to the top of it. First we showed it to Buster, and he quacked as if he knowed just what it was for, and when we threw it into the lake, Buster followed. He was out of sight in a minute, and stayed under a long time. Next we see'd him poke his head up for a minute, as if to breathe, and then go down agin. 'He's fillin' up the sack, sure,' says Jem. In 'bout an hour Buster swam ashore and cocked his weather eye up at us, as if to say, 'It's all right.' Jem and I took hold of the rope to pull the sack in, but we could not budge it, it was so loaded with gold. Wal, to make a long story short—for it grieves me to think of it—Jem got mad and waded in to get a better grip, and got caught in an undercurrent or somethin', and was drowned. Buster was sittin' on the shore, watchin' proceedings, an' when he see'd Jem go under he jes gave one agonizin' quack and jumped in after. The old fellow committed suicide for love of Jem. I couldn't get the bag 'shore, so I cut the rope off short. I left with what gold that was in the tent, but I lost it in unfortunate speculation. Now, what I propose is this: I know the location of that 'ere lake, and if I could get some capitalist, like you, for instance—"

"Yes," cried the little man, indignation getting the better of his habitual meekness, "you'd better get the bag 'shore, so I cut the rope off short. I left with what gold that was in the tent, but I lost it in unfortunate speculation. Now, what I propose is this: I know the location of that 'ere lake, and if I could get some capitalist, like you, for instance—"

"Yes," cried the diminutive man, again, "take this quarter and go and buy a pamphlet edition of Baron Munchausen."

"Thankee," muttered the other, accepting the silver; "that will do toward organizing an exploring party. Say, Jemme tell you somethin' 'bout the childhood days of Jem's duck."

But the little man had vanished.—*San Francisco Alta.*

FRUITS FOR SUMMER TEAS.

Delicious Delicacies Easily Prepared—Dainties for Hot Weather.

Pare three large pineapples, cut open, remove the core and grate; add two pounds of granulated sugar and one quart of ice water; freeze.

To make frozen cantaloupe, scrape the pulp from five or six large cantaloupes, take out all the seeds, sweeten; mix with a quart of lemonade and freeze.

Take three pounds of ripe plums, Greengage or any rich variety, skin, remove the seeds and mash; mix with sugar to sweeten, set on ice, add a quart of iced lemonade; mix well and freeze.

Peel a dozen large, ripe, tart apples, quarter and remove the seeds, grate and mix with a pound of sugar and the juice of six oranges; set on ice until very cold; pour in a pint of ice-lemonade, grate in one nutmeg; freeze.

To make frozen ambrosia, pare and slice half a dozen sour oranges; lay in a bowl; sprinkle with sugar; cover with grated cocoanut; let stand for two hours; mix all together; freeze. Take up in a large glass bowl; lay over the top thin slices of orange; sprinkle with cocoanut and sugar.

Pare a dozen and a half of ripe, soft peaches, remove the skin and seeds from a quart of sour plums, mash and add to the peaches, work the kernels of both to a paste, add them to the sugar and fruit; let stand two hours; then add a quart of ice-water, stir and freeze. This is a delicious dish.

Peel, and remove the seeds from four pounds of ripe, soft pears; mash and beat thoroughly with two pounds of granulated sugar; set on ice over night; in the morning mix in one quart of ice-water and the juice of six lemons, or, if preferred, a pint of light wine; freeze, and set aside, packed in ice, for dinner.

Frozen apricots are made by cutting two pounds of apricots up in thin slices, adding a pound of loaf sugar, with a teacupful of cold water. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in cold water and mix in with syrup, then set on ice, freeze hard and mix in a quart of whipped cream, stir and freeze five minutes.

Peel a dozen ripe bananas; cut in thin slices and mash fine. Boil a pound of sugar in a pint of water, strain, when cold add the juice of two oranges and the whites of three eggs; mix with the bananas; put in the freezer and freeze slowly until thick, then add a pint of whipped cream, beat thoroughly and freeze five minutes.

The Sun's Heat.

Speaking of the heat of the sun Prof. Newcomb says: "If we call the chromosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the electric furnace and as deep as the Atlantic is broad. If we call its movements hurricanes, we must remember that our hurricanes blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the chromosphere blow as far in a single second. They are such hurricanes as, coming down upon us from the north, would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass, not simply of ruin, but of glowing vapor, in which the vapors arising from the dissolution of the materials composing the cities of Boston, New York and Chicago, would be mixed in a single indistinguishable cloud. When we speak of eruptions, we call to mind Vesuvius burying the surrounding cities in lava, but the solar eruptions, thrown 50,000 miles high, would engulf the earth and dissolve every organized being on its surface in a moment."

A Good Many Such Men.

"Everything I am I owe to my wife," said a pompous man in the coarse of his lecture.

"Well, you're doing a thundering poor business in your wife's name!" sang a bootblack from the gallery.—*Newman Independent.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, who is now in Paris, writes some very sensible things in regard to the folly of Americans educating their children abroad instead of in their own country. The spirit of the institutions in the old world is entirely different from that of the new, and the consequence is that either they do not desire to return home, or if they do, it is with ideas entirely at variance with those prevailing around them. Principally, the trouble comes in with their imbibing a feeling of caste which makes them snobs in a democratic atmosphere. Mrs. Stanton says there are many American families there in which the children can speak German and French far better than their own language, and she refers to one from Ohio, whom she visited, in which she found the son, a boy of twelve, reading Cooper's novels and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in German because he could "understand them so much better than in English." Only think of it!

THAT is not all the trouble, for those families in which there are daughters especially. The latter, brought up in a foreign atmosphere, are quite as likely to marry foreigners as Americans, and then the parents have the misery of leaving their loved ones beyond the sea when they come home, or of remaining exiles from their own land, as it really becomes that when their stay is enforced. Aside from the matter of feeling, however, is the absurdity of teaching Americans to love a foreign language better than the English which is fast becoming the dominant language of the world, for Max Muller estimates that on the present rate of increase, at the end of the next two centuries there will be no less than 1,387,286,000 English speaking people. A acquaintance with foreign languages added to a thorough knowledge of our own is an excellent thing, but to place that in advance, to develop habits and sentiments which will entirely unfit these girls and their children becoming useful men and women in their native land is a thing much to be regretted.

MUCH good sense and originality mixed with a great deal of nonsense is found in a book just issued entitled "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." One of the objects of its writing is to show that romantic love is entirely a modern product, that it was unknown in ancient times, but that it has developed with the progress of modern ideas. He claims also that man's admiration of personal beauty is the strongest of all ingredients in romantic love, and that therefore the latter is becoming more and more idealized and converted into a pure æsthetic sentiment. To the objection urged against making this the ruling principle in choosing a wife, that beauty of person does not wear, he answers that it will wear with proper hygienic care. In the latter words lies the pith of truth covered up in pages of trash, that both men and women in seeking life partners should recognize the importance of fine physical development as well as mental and moral, and take every possible means to obtain it.

IN another place he describes in an amusing way the waking up of the lover from his intoxication: "And when, during the honeymoon, the lover recovers from his intoxication, how surprised he looks, how he rubs his eyes and wonders where the deuce he has been! He remembers Ovid's caution that after wine every woman seems beautiful; he remembers something about seeing 'Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.' And the girl by his side—he thought she *was* Helen; but now"—well, he discovers that she has a large mouth and snub nose, and of course that discovery brings his goddess finally down to the hospital. Mr. Fincke does not say anything about her coming out from Love's dream. Probably he does not consider it of enough importance, as the whole tone of the book is from the superior masculine stand point.

HE does, however, descend to a coarse abuse of the women who, believing in the equality of sexes, are laboring to make men so before the law, many of whom are as delicate and refined as those he describes as worthy of romantic love. Instead of speaking of them with respect while endeavoring to controvert their opinions, he calls them all viragos. He also declares that the rapid "increase of bachelordom" is due to the same viragos, urging that the doors to all kinds of employment should be thrown open to women, and by the force of their arguments compelling it, thus by competition diminishing man's wages so he is unable to support a family. That sort of a plea has a familiar sound, and does not exhibit the originality that Mr. Fincke shows elsewhere. Another (?) idea is that the prevalence of the bachelors is owing to woman's increasing neglect of domestic affairs, and he advances a suggestion, which, however, he does not father, that the trouble American women have with their servants is because the latter, ignorant as they are, become arrogant by reason of their superior knowledge. To those who are familiar with the general run of housefolds, this is the veriest absurdity. However, the book, taken as whole, has many bright, crisp and sparkling things in it, and when the author has made mistakes it is because he has let old-time prejudices govern his views without attempting to look into present matters himself.

WE are told that Mary, "Our Mary," is going to give up the United States as a home, and henceforth will be a child of England. The reason? Because she receives a social recognition there in the highest society that nothing will give her here. Her talents, beauty, fine manners and unblemished reputation all count as nothing with the aristocracy of New York and Boston, simply because she is an actress and plays for money. Blood which was muddy to start with but has come blue by filtering through two or three generations to whom wealth has given leisure, will not recognize brains that, in a woman especially, are turned to a money account. Mary, who has become accustomed to the attention and adulation of the titled and illustrious in England, has concluded to turn her back upon her own country, which will not accord her the like courtesies and position. Who shall blame her?

A BIBLE FOR WOMEN.

Is Mrs. Stanton Preparing the Scriptures Especially for the Gentler Sex?

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is expected to return to this country next month, shortly after which, there is a whisper that a "Woman's Bible and Commentary" will be published. She is chairman of the American committee which has been for some time engaged in this work, and she has been in England and France for the last few months, consulting with the French and English committees.

A Woman's Bible will surely be a queer enough book, but a Woman's Commentary, after the plan, no doubt, of Clarke's famous work, will surely mark an epoch in history.

Up to the present time women have been quite content, not only that men should write the bible, but that they should also do the necessary expounding and commenting thereon. It will be curious therefore, to see how the women will succeed in making the holy book support their various fads. Woman suffrage, prohibition, and dress reform will all have to have their sustaining texts, and we should not be surprised if it would be strongly hinted that at least one member of the Godhead is a female.

Until we got used to it this would give us a sort of shock, no doubt, and make little chills trickle up our backs; but that would not last long, and, of course, the women have an undoubted right to their own Bible and Commentaries.

Just so they let the rest of us read them we shall not object to their fun, and we will have ours. We, therefore, welcome back to America the dauntless Mrs. Stanton, and hope that she will hurry up the publication. We want to see that book!

Mount Vernon Farm.

Mount Vernon, under the management of lady regents, is now a model farm. In the dining-room is the side-board used by the family returned to Mount Vernon by Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. The room in which Washington died is fitted up throughout with the original furniture. The vice-regent for Virginia is Mrs. Emma Read Ball, whose husband is a grandson of Washington's niece. The estate, which includes 200 acres, is kept in a fine state of cultivation. The revenue comes from the sale of flowers and sweet milk, which latter is sold by the glass in the family kitchen. Under the conditions of transfer the mansion must be kept in repair, but it must not be changed. In the flower garden the box plant which edges the walls is preserved in the exact design of the hedges planted by Washington. The four big sweet shrub trees, given to him by Jefferson, still grow in beauty where they were planted so long ago.

Best Suited for the Business.

"That makes the third time you've trod on my foot," said a man in a crowded hall, speaking to a fellow who stood just in front of him.

"Are you certain it's three times?" replied the fellow, looking around.

"Yes, I am."

"Well," said the aggressor, "you seem to be better in arithmetic than I am, and I reckon you'd better keep on with the count."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contribute will be overjoyed. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Chit Chat With the Soldiers.

"W D." of Adamsboro, Ind., takes up the cudgel for the "vote as you shot" policy, which he says ought to be pursued without any controversy. He places the antibellum Democrat who fought for the Union, and afterwards turned his coat in favor of his first political love as a traitor, a rather harsh criticism we think. While we are of the opinion that all who fought for the Union ought, in consistency, to stand by those who pushed the war to a successful issue, still we are not yet ready to proclaim all who did not, traitors.

John Blair, Co. C, 38th Ohio, wonders why some member of his regiment does not visit the CAMP FIRE occasionally. He is in favor of the Grand Army pension bill and urges his comrades to aid in giving it a boom.

The new dependent pension bill which has been prepared by the G. A. R. pension committee and approved by every Post in the country, is similar in its tenor to the one passed at the last session, and vetoed by Grover Cleveland. His Accidency will have an apportunity next winter to confess his mistake in vetoing the bill, by passing favorably upon the one which will be laid before him.

The attention of all Ohio soldiers is called to the fact that on August 26 the memorials of the different Ohio regiment that participated in the battle of Gettysburg, will be presented by the governor of Ohio to the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association. It is proposed to make this a thoroughly Ohio day on the memorable battlefield, and it will be eminently fitting for the old soldiers to meet at Gettysburg on that day. Gov. Foraker will represent the state.

E. W. Dollar, of Metropolis, Ill., writes: I would like some member of the 20th Kentucky to write up the history of that regiment for the CAMP FIRE. I was neither a soldier nor son of a soldier, but a great many of the men in that regiment were from Caldwell county, Ky., (the county in which I lived), and some of them were relatives of mine.

Too Horrible to Relate.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I thought I would add a pine knot to the CAMP FIRE to keep up the blaze, as I was raised at the foot of the great Cumberland mountains. I have been a reader of the BLADE for some time and always expect to be as long as I can raise a dollar. I see that one of my old comrades and ex-priso

Question Bureau.

Regattas.

Old Reader, Somerset, Pa.:

Can you tell me through the BLADE something about the history of row-boat races, and greatly oblige an oarsman; also of any of the ancient races, in fact, all your space will permit?

Harvard's first boat, the Oneida, was purchased in 1846 by members of the class of '46, and was a type of all the club boats down to 1855. She was 37 feet long, lap-streak built, heavy, quite low in the water, with no sheer, and with a straight stem. Her width was eight feet four and a half inches in the widest part, and tapered gradually toward bow and stern. She was floored half way up to the gunwale with wooden strips and had a narrow seat grating in each end. These gratings were kept unpainted and oiled; and, although used by the bowsman sometimes to walk on in using his boat-hook and in setting and striking colors, they were the principal vanity of the boat. She had no thwarts, as, when not pulling, they stood into the gunwale. Her oars were of white ash, and ranged from thirteen feet six inches long in the waist to twelve feet as bow and stern. A plain bar of hard wood served for each oar, and each seat had a red cushion of the same covered cushion. The tiller-rope was of stout, covered with canvas, and finished at the end with a knot known as a "Turk's head."

The Oneida was used continually for thirteen years by Harvard students, and tradition has it that she was never beaten in a race. The boats entered by Yale in the race of 1852, the Halcyon or Shawmut, and the Thetis, were of very similar build. In the race of 1855 the Harvard eight-oared barge was slightly outrigged with wooden pieces spiked to the gunwale, but the crank Harvard boat was supposed to be the New York, a four-oared shell of John Fairly construction, rigged with oars of spruce instead of ash. The Yale boats, spoken of as nine in number, had "tenter wooden outriggers, formed like those of a wherry, and projecting from the bottom of the hull to the gunwale."

This was the first appearance here of outriggers, although they were used in the Oxford-Cambridge races after 1845. Oddly enough, the best boat of the different appurtenances won the race. Soon after Harvard obtained from St. John an eight-oar, built expressly for racing, 58 feet long, a lap streak, fairly outrigged, without a rudder, and fitted over with a canvas deck. In the first university, a distinguished from club boat owned by Harvard, was never used against Yale. In the fall of 1857, James Mackay, an Englishman, resident in Boston, offered three appointments from St. John at eight-oar, built expressly for racing, 58 feet long, a lap streak, fairly outrigged, without a rudder, and fitted over with

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A BOND SLAVE OF RUM DEFENDS HIS SLAVERY.

Some time ago, some obsure individual, living in an interior village of Ohio, took it upon himself to write to the Portland *Oregonian* a screed which was intended to demolish to Mr. LOCKE's article upon Prohibition, printed in the Weekly BLADE of May 26 last. We have received several requests from subscribers in Oregon to write a reply to this article. We really don't think it capable of doing the slightest harm to the cause of Prohibition. It is a stupid mass of malignity, devoid of legitimate argument, and contains nothing that would influence any fair-minded man in any way whatever. But as our friends have requested us to say something on the matter, we will refer to everything in the article that can, by the utmost stretch of courtesy, be called argument. Speaking of Mr. LOCKE's article, he says:

The writer unwittingly abandons the actual issue between "true temperance people" and "Prohibitionists" in these candid but suicidal statements: "No law can prohibit its use. All that law can do is to declare its sale illegal." Again: "That liquor will be manufactured, sold and drank despite prohibitory laws, there can be no question."

Now what in the name of common sense, to say nothing of reason and logic, is the use of wasting time to prove what they so candidly admit, and what every man of sound mind knows to be true?

No law can prohibit the social evil. But is that a sound argument against the enactment of laws against it? All that the law does is to keep houses of ill fame in check, to prevent the degraded women who reside in them from plying their beastly trade upon the streets in the sight of every one. If the argument of the besotted tool of the Rum Power who penned the above extract were applied to social vice, it would be allowed to run riot. There would not be a single law against it, and harlotry would fill the land. On the same plea, too, all laws against stealing should be repealed; for we have stringent laws against theft, yet it is committed daily. We have laws against murder, yet murders are common; following the same argument, all laws against murder should be repealed, for they do not prohibit murders. There is no argument in saying, that if a law does not completely and entirely prevent its own violation, it should not be enacted. Next this person goes on:

I quote again: Of the manufacture, sale and use of liquors he says: "It is the greatest curse that afflicts humanity, the one curse that includes all others." And again: "No human being ever took or can take a drop of spirituous liquors into the system without incurring great danger." All of these silly utterances only exhibit the wild sentimentalisms of an enthusiastic fanatic, and not the practical conclusions of a cool-headed statesman or philosopher.

As to his first quotation, that assertion is a matter of opinion. We believe it to be the greatest curse of weak humanity. Somebody else may believe differently. But regarding the second, readers of the BLADE will recall that a year or more ago we discussed the toxic effects of alcohol on the human system. There is no need of recapitulating the array of the highest medical authority to the effect that alcohol is never a food, but is always a poison—and that its effects are simply in proportion to the dose. They are never beneficial, except in a small degree, as a medicine, and nitro-glycerine, and other drugs, produce the same medical effects, without any of the dangers that attend the use of alcohol.

The individual referred to then goes on to glorify the cause of Rum after this fashion:

In order that the people may understand the fallacy and tendency of their demands, and the issue they are making with truth, science and natural law, and the poke they would place upon others, and the infidelity into which they would lead those who really believe in the precise and life of Christ, as well as the one born or the other of hypocrisy or infidelity on which they are determined to impale themselves, permit me to submit to them a few axiomatic propositions.

Of their truth I challenge the successful contradiction of any of their false guides, and in the emphatic words of the Arabian sage I will say: "Gird up your loins now like a man, for I will demand of you, and answer thou me."

It is not necessary to make any reply to the Pharisaical egotism pervading the above, nor the opening sentence of the extract given below. They are patent to all observers:

Knowing whereof I affirm I unhesitatingly submit the following axioms of natural law, of science and of divine truth:

1. That every element and product of nature, and every organ and function of the mind and body of man, when used according to the natural law of moderation and the law of its adaptation, *is good and tends to happiness and life.*

2. That the *right use of every thing* that "God has created *is always good*, and is never an evil, while the *wrong use* of everything upon the earth, is always injurious and evil.

3. That there is no "evil" nor "sin" and can be none, except in the wrong or excessive use of that which is good, while good and happiness can only be the result of acting in harmony with natural laws or the "laws of God."

These are general propositions, which, from their vagueness, may receive the assent from the unthinking. The poison of a rattlesnake is a product of nature. Its use may be "good, and tend to happiness and life" on the part of the rattlesnake, but certainly not on the part of man. The poison of the "worm of the still" is not "good" for man in any sense. The two propositions above are not axioms, but glittering generalities, untrue and misleading.

4. That the only intoxicating part of any distilled or fermented liquor is *alcohol*, of which all genuine wine contains from 15 to 25 per cent., the largest part of all wines and liquors being water.

5. That alcohol being originally obtained from wine, it was formerly called "spirits of wine."

There is no dispute upon either of these points.

6. That "the Savior" manufactured "six water pots, holding two or three firkins apiece" of *genuine wine* at the "marriage of Cana of Galilee;" or else he did not perform a "miracle" at all, but a very successful deception upon the company, who were so "well drunken" that they believe it was "the best of wine."

7. That if it was real genuine wine the Savior manufactured, it actually contained from 15 to 25 per cent. of pure alcohol, and was exactly that sort of alcohol on which men then, as now, became "drunk with new wine" and other liquors.

That Christ by miracle made wine out of water at Cana, is the Scripture record. The gospel accounts do not say whether it intoxicated those who drank it or not; hence we cannot tell whether it contained alcohol. The writer of the above knows no more than any one else who reads the gospel account. If it was simply the fresh juice of the grape, before fermenting, it was not intoxicating.

8. That as Christ "came eating and drinking" so that Pharisees piously denounced him then as a "wine-bibber," they are now compelled to impale themselves on one or the other of the two horns of their own dilemma.

9. They must either acknowledge that Christ manufactured, drank and gave to others genuine alcoholic wine, and that he was a guide and example to men, and that they are spurious believers and followers of him; or that he was a successful deceiver and imitator, and they "have no faith in him."

10. As they dare not say that they believe the record to be true, that he manufactured, drank and gave to others real genuine wine: and as they dare not say "it was only water and a harmless imitation," they can only follow the example of their conspicuous prototypes and say: "We cannot tell."

There is no dilemma about it. There is nothing known of the miracle save the brief record of the gospels. The fact that Christ made actual wine, containing alcohol (if it did contain it) is no argument for the use of whisky, rum, gin, brandy, and distilled liquors, which comprise nine-tenths of the stuff drank by fellows like the writer of the above.

But it makes no difference to the Christian whether Christ made intoxicating wine, or drank it, or not. The question of Prohibition is not a religious one before the people of the nation. Speaking for ourselves, we have no hesitation in saying that if the wine at Cana were intoxicating, and if Christ drank wine—neither of which points can be settled conclusively—it would not change our belief, either as to the desirability of Prohibition, or as to the Christian religion. Christ followed the customs of his people. He was circumcised, but that ceremonial is not binding upon his followers. He observed the Mosaic ceremonial law strictly, but it is not incumbent upon Christians to do so. He may have drunk wine; probably he did. But he did not drink whisky, nor any distilled liquor. Hence, as an argument, the whole matter falls to the ground.

11. I charge with emphasis that every Prohibitionist who asserts that "the manufacture and use of alcoholic wines or liquors is a crime" or "a sin" or even "wrong," is an infidel de facto, as he virtually denies any "faith in Christ," while he "crucifies him afresh, and puts him to an open shame."

A mere assertion, without proof, and carries no weight.

12. That such hypocritical "believers" and "false teachers of Christ" do far more to disgrace and caricature "true religion" than all the Bob Ingersolls and avowed infidels in the land.

Another assertion, without proof, and of no value as an argument. Assertion is not argument.

13. That alcoholic wines and liquors are just as natural products of nature as any other manufactured drink or food.

Prove it, most sapient ass! Alcohol is not contained in any fruit or grain. It is only by submitting them to treatment whereby chemical changes are set up, and the sugar contained in them is changed into alcohol, that their intoxicating effects are produced. The change is analogous to that set up in milk or cheese, by which tyrotoxicon is produced, which is poisonous; or the chemical changes in canned meats, by which the poisonous ptomaines are formed.

14. That "great danger is incurred by every drop of liquor taken into the system" either at the "sacramental board" or as a medicine or as a tonic, is contrary to every principle of natural law, of the constitution of man, and of the practice and life of Christ.

Proved false by the highest medical authority of England and America. Read AXEL GUSTAFSON'S "Foundation of Death," pages 57 to 151, and pages 181 to 225.

15. That the "evils" resulting from the wrong use of the tongue, the hands, and of the genital organs and of religion, have polluted and cursed the earth all through the ages, and filled the earth with misery and woe, far surpassing all the evils resulting even from the wrong use of wines and liquors.

Whether the evils enumerated are greater than those from Rum is a matter of opinion. We give Rum the first place. But, because there are other evils, are we to let this evil go on unrestricted?

16. That while gluttony in eating and drinking are both injurious and equally condemned by Christ and by natural law, the prohibition of the manufacture and use of wines and liquors is as silly, impracticable and fanatical as the prohibition of the manufacture and use of food.

A fool's argument, weighty only with fools. Alcohol is not a food, and cannot with propriety be compared with food. It is a poison; and its sale should be not only hedged about with all the restrictions placed on the sale of other poisons, but it should be banished entirely, as it has not one useful purpose that can not be filled better by other drugs.

17. That the common sense, natural and only practical remedy for excessive eating is the only common sense, natural and practical remedy for excessive drinking and the same remedy for excessive eating and drinking is the only practical remedy for the excessive or abusive use of the tongue, the hands, or the genital organs.

Eating and drinking things which subserve any useful purpose as food are not to be compared with the use of Rum, which is not a food.

18. That the adaptable, natural and moderate use of every organ and function of man, and of every element and product of nature is both *right* and *good*, and to rashly assert the contrary is to dispute the wisdom of their "Creator," to "charge God foolishly" and to write himself down a fanatic.

A repetition of the opening numbers of this apology for vice, crime, poverty and degradation.

19. That the only legitimate business of legislation is to inflict certain and proportionate penalties upon all crimes resulting from the excessive or wrong use of any and every organic function of the human body and of every product of nature.

A mere opinion; legislation takes a much wider field than is here set down. It is the view of a monomaniac, a slave of Rum.

20. That the remedy for the crimes and evils resulting from the excessive or wrong use of *any* of the above named products of nature is the prohibition of their manufacture and use, but in the same remedies we have for the crimes and evils which result from the wrong use of the tongue and the hands, or of guns and fire.

Another assertion, without proof. The writer of it seems not to know that on the person advancing a proposition is laid the burden of proof. No rule of debate requires a man to prove a negative.

21. That the prohibition by law of the manufacture, sale and use of wines and liquors is as tyrannical and as destructive of the rights of man and as counter to the laws of nature and of God as the prohibition by law of the manufacture and use of any other product of nature, or of any of the natural and organic functions of man.

A matter of opinion simply. The above is the Rumseller's position.

22. That it is both sectarian fanaticism and blasphemous to call into requisition the strong arm of "Cæsar" in the name of God, of Christ or of religion, in order to enforce any of their "laws," or to bind burdens, yokes or pokes upon the necks of the people.

23. That the greatest outrages and the most grievous wrongs ever inflicted upon long suffering humanity have been done under the wicked assumption of "The Divine Rights of Kings and Priests," and that it was their "duty and right" to place heavy burdens and galling yokes upon others "in order to save them."

24. That first and last many hundred people of every nation, the history of governments, have been oppressed and injured more by the over-legislation of despots, of sectarian and ignorant and designing men than they have ever been benefited by legitimate legislation.

25. That the natural, ultimate and only remedy for the evils resulting from the wrong use of natural products and of natural faculties is *education*. Education in which true philosophy and science shall instruct the mind, that the wrong use of *everything* is injurious and evil and always tends to misery and death, while the right use and the temperate use (which is the only natural use) is always *good*, and tends to happiness and life.

26. That the natural remedy of the people against the evils and plague of political and fanatical reformers is religion. Hygiene and temperance is not in the prohibition of their manufacture and use, but in rigidly letting them alone, and in giving them no countenance, "no, not even to eat them;" while the remedy for the over legislation of prohibition and sectarian extremists it also *not* found in the prohibition of their manufacture and sale, but it is only to be found in letting them, the humblest and most retired walks of private life.

All mere matters of opinion, not germane to the discussion; and, withal, simply asserted, without one iota of proof being adduced. The major portion of this fantastic array of silliness is too trivial to discuss at length. We only gave space to this discussion at the request of friends in Oregon, not that we thought the article worth answering at all. It has a certain value, however, as showing the desperate straits of slaves of the Rum Devil. They resort to falsification, abuse, and every other carnal weapon, and then endeavor to bring the Savior of mankind to their support in their wild opposition to those who are working steadily to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SOME of our Democratic editorial friends are declaring that the "Republicans are destroying the Grand Army," while others zealously cry out that "the G. A. R. must be overthrown." In view of the fact that the membership of the order has been growing recently at the rate of 4,000 new members a month, we are disposed to put ourselves on record as declaring that the statement first quoted is a falsehood, and the demand one which cannot be complied with.

ROBERT T LINCOLN AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

We publish to-day an interview with Hon. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, of Chicago, on his own possible candidacy for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Mr. LINCOLN talked frankly to the BLADE representative upon the matter, and what he said is open to no misconstruction. He is not an aspirant for the office; he would prefer to remain where he is. But he would yield his personal preferences were he called by the people to accept the highest office within their gift. The office must seek the man, if that man is to be Mr. LINCOLN.

The BLADE sought an expression of Mr. LINCOLN'S views because our Presidential vote revealed a strong but quiet undercurrent of sentiment in his favor among the masses of the Republican party. There is no man in the party who has a right to demand that nomination as a reward for past services, no matter how distinguished. For twelve years Mr. BLAINE and Mr. SHERMAN have stood in the front rank and disputed for the nomination. Mr. BLAINE obtained it in 1884, but his leadership was disastrous. It is not worth while to discuss the narrow margin by which victory was lost. The fact remains that under his leadership the Republican party was defeated.

From present indications, these two gentlemen will again be competitors for the nomination next year. That is, if Mr. BLAINE'S health does not fail entirely, his friends will insist upon presenting his name to the convention. Mr. SHERMAN frankly announces his own candidacy. But here is a question that every Republican must consider: With the South solid, by methods well known to all, for the Democracy, is it wise for us to make the nominating convention of 1888 simply a test of the comparative popularity in the party of BLAINE and SHERMAN? Is it not better to look over the whole field, and select the standard-bearer under whose lead the chance of victory is the greatest, rather than go down to defeat?

The BLADE does not desire to be misunderstood. It has no end to serve but that of Republican success. It expects to support the nominee of next year's convention, no matter who he may be; for the Republican party has plenty of good men in its ranks, who would fill the office with honor, and it is not to be supposed that the nominee will be other than such a one. But we do not believe that any man has a right to demand the nomination. Because BLAINE and SHERMAN have been candidates for almost half a generation, it does not follow that the nomination must go to either one or the other. Already there are politicians who are building hopes on the probability of a struggle in the convention between these two, and the consequent nomination of a "dark horse"—in short, a repetition of 1876 and 1880.

Let us look at the situation. There are 401 electoral votes. It requires 201 to elect. The Democracy have 153 of their votes already, in the Solid South. They need but 48 more to carry the Presidency. In 1884, they carried the following Northern states:

	Electoral Votes.
Connecticut	6
Indiana	15
New Jersey	9
New York	36
Total	66

These 66 votes, plus the 153 from the Solid South, gave CLEVELAND 219 electoral votes to BLAINE'S 182. The Republicans in 1888 will undoubtedly carry the states which gave these 182 votes, no matter who is the candidate. Where can they reasonably look for the 19 more electoral votes necessary to elect a President? Manifestly they must obtain them from the states named above. Connecticut and New Jersey together will give only 15. But these states are very doubtful. There is a better prospect of a Republican victory in Indiana, but her 15 votes are not enough.

Hence it follows that the Republicans must carry New York if they wish to elect their President. Her 36 votes, added to the 182 which are certain, give a total of 218. Politically the state is Republican, unless differences and dissensions within the party give it into the hands of the Democrats.

What candidate can the Republicans name who can carry New York? We do not know, and it is difficult to judge. It is to be remembered that, in four years, with young voters coming on the stage of action, and a heavy foreign immigration, the personnel of the voting population of that state undergoes great changes. Whether BLAINE could carry it in 1888, after losing it by a hair's breadth in 1884, it is impossible to say. It is also difficult to judge whether SHERMAN would display greater strength than BLAINE.

How is it regarding LINCOLN? He believes in civil service reform. He could rally the mugwump strength in New York—and in fact all over the country. It may be interesting just here to relate a fact which has never before gotten into the newspapers: ROSCOE CONKLING was in Chicago several weeks ago, as counsel in the famous "waxed paper" patent case. In conversation with a prominent Republican on political matters, he said: "Why don't you Republicans in the West insist on nominating somebody who can win? You have here in Chicago a man who can sweep New York by a heavy majority—and the Republicans must have New York to win. Who is he? Why, BOB LINCOLN, of course."

These are things to be pondered by the Republicans. The party must win the next Presidential contest, or remain in the minority for an indefinite period in the future. It is too early to pin one's faith upon any one candidate, but it is not too early to consider the availability of any and all of them. The BLADE has no desire to boom any candidate; but it has a lively interest in seeing that the possibility of success for the party is not frittered away by the blind following of any one man's lead. Is it not time the Republican party shall look first to availability in its candidate? Let us name a strong man; a man whose record is unassailable; a man who can unite all Republicans and all friends of progress under his banner, and place the party once more in the control of the nation. If LINCOLN be that one, let us take LINCOLN; if there be a better man, let us take him.

We shall be glad to have very brief expressions of opinion on the Presidential question from our readers. They must be SHORT and to the point, and give the reasons for the faith they express. We will not promise to insert all, but we will publish those which give most clearly and compactly their writer's ideas, and in the briefest manner.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

BUYING BONDS AND SAVING MONEY.

The second bond purchase by the treasury is made the subject of misrepresentation by the *National Republican*, of Washington city. The facts are that on August 24 the government purchased, of 4½ bonds, $2,836,400 worth of registered, and $302,000 coupons. The prices paid were: $1,275,500, registered, at 109; $1,200,000, registered, at 108 11-16; $300,000, registered, at 108.267; $200,000, registered, at 108.507; $200,900, registered, at 107.907; $60,000, registered, at 108.25; $300,000, coupon, at 108 11-16, and $2,000, coupon, at 107.907. The *Republican* makes this false and misleading comment:

Secretary Fairchild paid for these bonds more than the face value, three hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and eight dollars and forty-nine cents.

How long will the people stand this kind of work? Who authorized Secretary Fairchild to increase the public debt $307,908.49?

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* asks a very pertinent question:

In the politics of this country we have the professional Irishman, the professional German and the professional colored man. Why not give the professional American a chance?

There was no increase of the public debt, as any one can see who will take the trouble to examine the matter. Here is the true state of the case. These bonds have four years to run, at 4½ per cent annual interest. The treasury paid:

Face of bonds	$3,138,400 00
Premium	307,908 40
Total cost	$3,446,308 40

But if these bonds had been allowed to run to maturity, the government would then have had to pay:

Face of bonds	$3,138,400.00
Interest, 4 years	564,912.00
Total	$3,703,312.00

By taking the difference between this and what actually paid, we find that the government saved the sum of $257,-003.60. It is to be remembered that the moneys lying idle in the treasury bring in no revenue in the way of interest. The *Republican* should stop its senseless outcry. It reminds us of the mock-turtle in "Alice in Wonderland," which wept without knowing why, and there being neither real nor apparent cause for tears.

THE WINNIPEG WAR.

The trouble between the two railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Red River Valley roads—in Manitoba, is not clearly understood by many people. Winnipeg is in Manitoba, on the Red River of the North, which rises in the United States, forms the boundary between the northern halves of Minnesota and Dakota, and then crosses the national frontier into British America. Winnipeg is some sixty miles north of the United States (air line measurement) at the junction of the Red River and the Souris. On the latter river, about sixty miles west of Winnipeg (air line) is the town of Portage la Prairie.

The eastern terminus of the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway is at Portage la Prairie, and this line has, therefore, no eastern or southern outlet save by the Canadian Pacific, which it meets at Portage. The Canadian Pacific owns two lines from Winnipeg south to the National boundary line, and connecting with the St. Paul, Manitoba & Minneapolis (old Red River Valley) Railroad, giving complete connection with the trunk lines of the United States. One of these is to the east and the other to the west of Red River.

The Manitoba & Northwestern has organized the new Red River Valley line, which is now building a road along the west bank of the Red river, between the two lines of the Canadian Pacific, and with evident intent to eventually connect with the line ending at Portage la Prairie. The Northern Pacific and Grant Trunk lines, it is understood, are interested in completing these lines and thereby connecting with the upper Northwestern country through the Manitoba & Northwestern railroad. It will be seen that the new line would be a powerful rival to the Canadian Pacific, and hence the latter railroad's opposition.

The Canadian Pacific company has practically a government monopoly. The Dominion Parliament, in giving the franchise, not only granted an exception from taxation forever to the track, stations and property of the company, but added the provision that no other railroad should be constructed in the province of Manitoba without the consent of the Canadian Pacific company. The Canadian Pacific is determined that this new line shall not be built, as it would infringe their original charter. They have therefore obtained an injunctional order from the courts stopping the construction.

But the Red River Valley line contractors and promoters, at the instigation of the Manitoba state government, have refused to notice this injunction, thus defying the judicial orders of the crown. It thus becomes a grave matter, as the Dominion government feels compelled to enforce by arms, the orders of the court. What aggravates the difficulty is the fact that the Manitoban government has borrowed the money to construct the road, thus placing the state in a position of defiance of the nation, which is represented by the Dominion parliament at Ottawa.

THE coming ocean yacht race for the America's cup is the topic of supreme interest in the East. The Thistle, the Scotch yacht which is to try conclusions with Yankee craft, the Volunteer, is an object of great interest since her arrival. The main things certain about the Thistle are that she is a rather peculiar cutter, and that her steel plates are as smooth as plate glass, and admirably put together, whereas the bottom of the Volunteer is terribly rough, and always will be, it is feared. The Scotch vessel is a better piece of steel work than the American champion yacht. As regards cabin and fittings, it turns out that the Thistle is more of a "racing machine" than the Volunteer is, or than the Puritan was, having only the cheapest and hastiest furnishings for her master's comfort.

THE WHEELING REUNION.

Two events have made the reunion at Wheeling, West Virginia, historic. The first of these was the refusal of a number of posts of the Grand Army to march beneath a banner bearing CLEVELAND'S portrait, with this inscription:

God Bless Our President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

This banner was suspended across the street in front of a Democratic newspaper office. It was put up with *malice prepense*, in the hope that the veterans would do something that could be used as a political argument. The men who put it up are Democratic office-holders of Wheeling, headed by the editor of the sheet aforesaid, who said openly that he expected it would lead to trouble. The *Intelligencer* thus describes the occurrence:

There was some fear about town yesterday that the portrait of President Cleveland would accomplish the object for which it was believed it had been placed there—to provoke the G.A.R. boys to a demonstration which might be used to their discredit. It was therefore but natural that when the parade appeared on Market street the people made a rush for the locality, and the crowd, dense all along the line, became there much more so than elsewhere. Enthusiastic partisans of Cleveland, prominent Democratic politicians, were gathered there in considerable number, but they were outnumbered by equally enthusiastic Republicans.

When the carriages that headed the procession reached the banner there was not a sign that it was noticed. The head of the marching veterans also marched beneath the banner without noticing the portrait or inscription.

When Lieut. E. W. Geary Post No. 88 reached the spot, there was a momentary halt, and then the command was given by the post commander: "Left oblique—march!" The post bore off to the left, and the crowd gave way to the veterans, who marched close to the curbstone, so as not to pass beneath the banner. A cheer went up as the color bearer dipped his flag. The post next in the ranks caught its cue, and the colors were lowered when the line was crossed.

The crowd of spectators soon encroached upon the street on the east side, so as to occupy the space just beneath the banner, and the posts which came after followed in the curved channel thus made, clearing the portrait. Some of the color-bearers recognized the situation and dipped their colors. Two of them trailed their flagstaffs. Others held them straight aloft, as if to show their lack of sympathy with the feeling which prompted the action of the other posts.

There was an unavoidable delay in the movement of the column, and the crowd became somewhat reduced. When the line of march was again resumed, one or two posts again passed beneath the banner. Gradually the crowd reformed, leaving the straight channel open.

When Lyle Post 157 of Pittsburgh, approached, an attempt was made to take an oblique course, but the crowd did not yield at once. Ex-Post Commander Onslayer with his cane gently pushed them aside, amid cheering. One man refused to step aside, and Capt. Onslayer tapped him with his cane. This had the desired effect, besides creating considerable laughter and increased cheering.

The following Posts all kept the oblique course, some dipping or trailing their colors, some paying no attention. As each flag was lowered the crowd cheered. Some of the posts like gave three groans as they passed the picture, and a few fell out and either took to the sidewalk, rejoining the parade after the banner was passed, or kept closer to the sidewalk than the body of men.

Such remarks as "You don't get me to march under that thing!" were common. The column was nearly through when the Union Veteran legion, of Pittsburg, headed by the Cathedral band, approached. Capt. Onslayer sent the crowd barring the course, swung his baton so that the crowd had to fall back, and thus opening a space through the line the legion marched through, while the Democrats present cheered wildly.

The Pittsburg veterans were prepared for the banner by mention of it in the morning papers of that city by their special correspondents. They had resolved on their course before they had reached the city. The post which took the initiative is largely composed of Democrats. Among those whose members expressed the most feeling was the New Martinsville post, a majority Democrats. They had resolved in advance not to march under the banner if all the others did. It was the apparent motive of the display which all resented. It was an afterthought, put up lately Saturday night.

The second incident of a memorable day was the impromptu debate upon a hotel portico between Governor WILSON, of West Virginia (called "Windy" WILSON all over his state because of his ungovernable desire to talk on all occasions), and Governor FORAKER, of Ohio. The latter gentleman made a speech during the afternoon, in which he alluded to the rebel flag return order. He said:

We did not want them to go, and they did not go, and we are glad they did not. It has been said, for that reason, that we are bitter toward feeling toward the South. There is no such feeling in the North. * * * But recognizing the "Confederate States" is a horse of another color. * * * The flags belonged to the soldiers of the Union army. We captured them, and all should leave their disposition to them. We didn't want a New England mugwump nor a New York copperhead to attend to it. * * * What do the Southern states want with these flags? If they are not loyal we have no use for them, and if they are not loyal we have a great deal of use for them. They represent treason in its most hideous form, as they did in '61.

In the evening, a serenade was given Governors BEAVER, FORAKER and WILSON at the hotel where they were stopping. WILSON'S speech was one of fulsome eulogy of the South, and he abused the North for sectionalism. He charged FORAKER with trying to get young voters to leave the Democratic party, and even with urging the Democratic soldiers of the G. A. R. to desert to the Republican ranks. He severely criticised FORAKER'S afternoon speech, and objected to the use of the word "rebels" to designate the Southern people during the war. Then followed a scene of wild excitement, which is thus recorded by the Wheeling *Intelligencer:*

Governor Foraker, who had left the speaking place, was apprised of the governor's attack on him, and got back in time to hear a part of the talk. He invited him to a joint discussion of the matters contained in his charge and of other points at issue. Governor Foraker demonstrated the errors that were inherent in the Southern plan of secession, and also that the arbitrament of the sword had been a satisfactory one that all sensible people in the South are satisfied with it, and would do battle against a return to the system of slavery and indolence. He showed that the people of the South have become fully persuaded of the error of their way and confessed it, and are just as anxious for prosperity as the inhabitants of any quarter of the Union. "All we want them to remember," he said, "is to vote North, too."

"We will give up nothing of this country to any one, not even to our own people. However, whenever he talks of giving back battle flags and giving the South other impossible concessions, he absolutely makes me tired."

Governor Wilson came forward with a scowl on his countenance and said: "When Governor Foraker comes over here from Ohio and dictates to us what we shall do, we will make him a great deal more tired than he is now. I have met you before, governor, and I will meet you again.

"What has he said in his tirade that appeals to your reason? [A thousand voices: 'Everything.'] One would think from Governor Foraker's talk that Lee was again organizing his army, and that Jackson is drilling his troops in the mountains."

A voice: "When were you in the army?"

"I was not in the army."

"Where were you?"

"It was not in the army." [Jeers and cat-calls at this admission.]

Governor Wilson then turned to his old speech of 1884, and said: "Great Heavens! for five years—and his party to talk of fraud and corruption. A party that stole the Presidency and stole two states." [A hundred voices: "Oh, rats, rats, rats!"] For fifteen minutes Governor Wilson fairly wallowed in the Democratic vocabulary of "radical abuses," and not a syllable of his revelations was in the nature of a novelty.

"I'll tell you, and I'll tell Foraker that there'll be no more bloody-shirt Presidents,"—but the crowed jeered him and "guyed" him unmercifully that he had to throw himself into a fury and fairly foamed at the mouth. The crowd then fairly went wild and made so much noise that Governor Wilson threw himself upon its mercy and asked for the same consideration given to Governor Foraker. "I was a child when the war broke out and old enough for active service, but was just as good a Union man as Governor Foraker."

Governor Foraker said: "I am told that Governor Wilson is 45 years of age. If he is, he is four years older than I am. Still I am not here to vaunt my accomplishments. Let his and my own speak for themselves. To-day I saw a picture of Grover Cleveland with the inscription, 'God Bless our President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.' I say amen, but I hope God will pour of his righteousness unto this man until he shall do what is just and equitable with the soldiers and their widows and orphans in signing pension bills. [Cheers.] It has been claimed that there was fraud in the election of President Hayes. There was fraud, but it was in the attempt of the Democrats to buy the electoral votes of Oregon and Florida. I am willing to meet the governor sometime and discuss these matters."

Gov. Forsker was listened to with great respect, while Gov. Wilson was jeered and ridiculed at every turn.

The Democratic press and administration is bound to push the war issue in the most offensive manner, apparently. The war is over, and its results are unchangeable. All the toadying to the Southern traitors of 1861-65 is powerless to remove the brand of treason and rebellion. They were traitors to the government and rebels in arms against its authority. The United States denied the right of secession, and the success of its arms enforced that denial. The South was never, de jure, outside of the Union. Hence their attitude was one of armed rebellion, and the definition of treason in the constitution covers the case of every man who fought in the Southern army or adhered to its cause.

If the lickspittle mudsills of the Democratic party of the North wish to make an issue on the use of the word "rebel," and take the only tenable ground against it, viz: that the states had the right under the constitution to secede, we wish them much joy in a campaign conducted upon that issue. FORAKER'S instincts are so true to the feelings of the vast mass of the patriotic people of the Union, that he sounds a note that awakens a responsive chord in every heart on every occasion when he comes in contact with the virulent rebel element of the South and the Confederate-glorifying Democratic element of the North. Long live FORAKER!

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

"FAIR TRADE" IN ENGLAND.

There is a growing protectionist party in England who call themselves "fair traders." The times are changing, and the current of commerce does not entirely run in the direction of England's desires. In point of fact, the condition of trade in Great Britain is lamentably bad at present. All classes are suffering greatly, from the landowner to the tiller of the soil, from the capitalist to the laborer. Poverty in the Old World countries is always multitudinous and of a sort not understood here. In fact, England is the only really free trade country in the world, all others having to a greater or less degree recently adopted the protective policy, and now she finds that her isolation from the prevailing principle is not advantageous; but she does not propose to adopt the protective policy permanently, or because she has any real liking for it.

What the fair traders propose is, to do what they can to compel us, by copying our methods, to let their goods into our markets. Trade is always selfish and always practical. There is nothing sentimental about it. This country has adopted the policy of protection because, being able to supply its own markets with all life's necessities, it could afford to do it. England adopted the policy of free trade only because she thought it best for her to do so, as she is dependent on all the world for the things by which she sustains life.

What England would like to do, for instance, would be to place an import duty upon our cotton, wheat, corn, petroleum, beef, pork, butter, cheese and canned goods; and this is what some of her Conservative statesmen wish to do in order that this country, fearing the exclusion from the profitable British markets of its products, may repeal its duties on British goods. That is exactly what Canadian statesmen thought when they adopted their present tariff policy. It was confessedly not a revenue measure, but a retaliatory one, directed against the United States in revenge for our abrogation of the reciprocity treaty. The Canadians thought they had but to do as we did to compel us to change our policy, and they made an easily avoidable mistake. This country wants little or nothing that Canada can supply; Canada wants pretty much everything that this country does supply. As with Canada so with England.

The latter country can, if it sees fit, adopt the retaliatory policy, but it will find that what it could not do by persuasion it cannot do by force. Each country will maintain the economic policy which is best fitted to itself. Free trade is essential to the life of the British people, dependent upon the outside world for their daily food, and it is not essential to the United States, which can not only feed, but clothe and supply itself with what it needs out of its own great natural resources.

THE Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, a strong mugwump sheet, has been giving strongly commendatory notices to Hon. ROBERT T. LINCOLN. The Iowa *State Register* mentions this fact, and puts the question to the *Republican* whether it will support him for President if he shall be nominated on a protective platform. The latter replies at length, giving the reasons why it supported GARFIELD in 1880 and CLEVELAND in 1884, but declining to say what it would do with LINCOLN and CLEVELAND as the opposing candidates. But it says:

We have no question but that Mr. Lincoln's candidacy upon a liberal platform, pledging the party to the maintenance of administrative reform, would recover a portion of the mugwump vote. Another portion would be gained by attachment to Mr. Cleveland to continue in his support upon the ground that a change of administration, having been effected for four years, should properly be allowed continuance for another term.

THE Republican state campaign will be opened by Gov. FORAKER at Caldwell on September 10, the date being changed from the 7th. September 10 is an historic date. It is the anniversary of the day on which PERRY licked thunder out of the British in 1813, and it is eminently proper that a campaign which will end in an overwhelming defeat of the free trade allies of Great Britain shall begin on that date.

THE state treasury of Indiana is bankrupt. We are not surprised at this. A party that would steal an United States Senatorship would not fail to steal all the money it could lay its hands on. The people of the Hooster state are made of different material from everybody else if they do not kick out these unconscionable Democratic thieves as soon as the opportunity comes.

A RUMOR comes from Washington that the second week in September will see a sweeping series of removals in the Pension office, the doomed heads including all the special examiners in the New England, Western, Middle and Southern states who have held over from the last Republican reign.

THE New York *World* bitingly replies to CLEVELAND'S spurt of ill-temper in characterizing it an "opposition newspaper." It arrays a number of things which the administration is not conspicuous in opposing, and declares that there seems to be abundant need for an "opposition" paper.

BAYARD is an antediluvian fossil. He has been tying red tape for two years over the fisheries trouble, corresponding with the British government, and is no nearer a solution of the difficulty than when he began.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* is both witty and truthful when it declares that

Southern patriotism consists in spelling nation with a little n and the "Sunny South" with the biggest kind of an S.

HERE'S a nugget of the solid, unadulterated truth from the Detroit *Tribune:*

Free trade means slave labor. The Democratic party is getting back to its old stamping ground.

"THE LAND OF THE DARNED MOUNSEER."

The BLADE is glad to announce to its readers that it has made arrangements by which there will be reproduced in its columns the latest work of MAX O'RELL, the writer of that famous book, "John Bull and His Island," which was as wonderful a hit in Europe as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in America, as it had a circulation of over three-quarters of a

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

A TALK WITH THE EX-SECRETARY.

Urged for the Republican Presidential Nomination by the People—What Mr. Lincoln Thinks of the Matter—An Interesting Informal Chat With Him.

Probably the most remarkable fact developed by the BLADE'S Presidential vote was the strong feeling among the masses of the people in favor of Robert T. Lincoln. It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was the choice of by far the greater portion of those who voted for the Vice-Presidency, while he stood third—and a very good third—as first choice for the office of the chief executive. In point of fact, he stood third on the list both for first and second choice for President.

The BLADE'S novel canvass of the Republican party of the United States on the Presidential question excited a great deal of comment on the part of the press, and the further fact was developed in the newspaper discussions of the topic that a most friendly spirit toward Mr. Lincoln was entertained by a very large number of the more influential Republican papers. Interviews with many distinguished leaders of the party in the various states exhibited the same feeling. It was at once seen that should the same state of affairs occur in the national convention of 1888 as happened in 1876 and 1880, Mr. Lincoln would stand in the most favorable position to be struck by Presidential lightning; in point of fact, that he possesses splendid qualifications as a dark horse.

Believing that a talk with Mr. Lincoln himself would, under these circumstances, prove very interesting to the readers of the BLADE, a representative of this paper took advantage of a vacation trip to call on him in an informal way at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln is a lawyer, a member of the firm of Isham, Lincoln & Beale, who occupy a suite of offices on the third floor of the Honore building, corner of Dearborn and Adams streets. The firm is said, by the business men of the city, to be doing a magnificent business, and to have a practice equal, if not superior to, that of any other legal firm in the Windy City. Mr Lincoln himself is universally highly spoken of as a rising man, and a good and conscientious lawyer; and the fact that he is building himself a neat residence on one of the most pleasant avenues in the residence portion of the city shows that, financially, his affairs are at least moderately prosperous.

Mr. Lincoln's especial sanctum fronts upon Dearborn street, and is evidently furnished for work rather than for display. A well-worn carpet of modest pattern covers the floor. The first four feet in height of the walls is occupied by a plain dado of dull blue, above which the color is a dismal, greenish yellow. Above the mantel hangs a splendid steel engraving of his honored father. A small engraving of the great War secretary, Stanton; another of the Electoral Commission, and a couple of time-stained maps, are the only other ornamentation of the walls. In the middle of the floor stands a very plain, rather antiquated, but roomy office desk, piled with letters and papers, which is the objective point of Mr. Lincoln's daily labors. Convenient to his hand is a revolving book-stand filled with huge volumes bound in the familiar law calf. A couple of spare chairs, and an old office table in one corner, bearing a burden of papers and miscellaneous objects, complete the furnishing of the room.

One is apt to form a mental idea of the personality of a man from published portraits and photographs; and it is very often found that these preconceived ideas are quite erroneous. The writer had this experience in regard to Mr. Lincoln. From his photographs, a mental image had been evolved of a man slightly below medium size, heavy set, very reserved in manner, and somewhat unapproachable by a stranger. Each and every particular was incorrect. Mr. Lincoln is a man approaching six feet in hight, of splendid physique, and weighing probably 200 pounds; a cheery, pleasant face, especially when in conversation, framed by brown hair and beard; genial and courteous in manner, with a touch of that *bonhomie* so characteristic of his father; and altogether the sort of man it is pleasant to meet. In the plain, easy-fitting summer suit which he wore, it was hard to determine from his personal appearance what his occupation might be. He certainly does not wear the professional air of the old-school lawyer, and to the eye of a stranger, as Mr. Lincoln passes along the street, he would probably be classed as a business man—perhaps one of the jovial spirits of the Chicago Board of Trade.

A hearty grasp of the hand, and the pleasant smile and cordial words of welcome accompanying it, made the BLADE representative feel at home at once. Mr. Lincoln referred to the BLADE'S Presidential vote as a most excellent bit of newspaper enterprise, and wondered that the idea had not been thought of before by some of the great city dailies. A reminder that no daily newspaper in the United States could obtain from its patrons an expression of opinion embracing the whole country, from the fact that their circulation is confined to half a dozen states at most, was answered by the remark that the national character of the vote was its most valuable feature. To the question as to what he thought of the great preference expressed for himself as a Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican national ticket next year, he replied:

"I simply could not accept the nomination to the Vice Presidency. To take any office at all would be at a great sacrifice of my business interests here in Chicago; and the Vice Presidency is not an office of such importance, that I could afford to think of such a thing. I most certainly should not accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency, were it tendered—which I have no reason to think it will be."

The suggestion was made that there really seemed more likelihood of his receiving the nomination for the Presidency than for the second position on the ticket, and his views were solicited as to this contingency.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Lincoln, "but since the publication of the BLADE'S vote, my mail has been loaded with letters and marked papers, referring to the subject. Even before that, a paper in the South had been persistently advocating me as Presidential candidate. There is also a gentleman down in Western Pennsylvania who has been doing the same thing; and now there are others kind enough to publish pleasant articles about me. But while I am gratified by the kind tone of their references to myself, as an independent matter, I greatly regret the use of my name in connection with any public office whatever. I say to you sincerely that if there were any way possible by which I could stop that sort of thing entirely and forever, I should be happy. I have written to several persons, authors of such articles, to say so, but they go right along, regardless of my protests. It seems to be difficult for the average American to understand that it is possible for any one not to desire the Presidency; but I most certainly do not."

A shadow passed over Mr. Lincoln's usually pleasant face as he went on. "I have seen too much of the wear and tear of official life to ever have a desire to reenter it. Though I was but a boy when my father became President, I can well remember the tremendous burden he was called upon to bear. True, the conduct of the war made the cares of office then infinitely more exacting; but I have seen enough of the inside of Washington official life to have lost all desire for it. The Presidential office is but a gilded prison. The cares and worry outweigh, to my mind, the honor which surrounds the position. All official life is infinitely wearisome. I had my fill of it while a member of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, and I made up my mind at that time that, when my official term was completed, I should return to Chicago, and end my days there in the practice of my profession.

"I am now forty-four," he continued reflectively, "and come of a long-lived ancestry. I may reasonably, I think, count on 20 or 25 years' expectation of life. I wish nothing better than to spend those years in my professional work. I am not willing, either, to have them embittered by an unsuccessful candidacy, or to pass such of them as the wear of office would leave, in the unpleasant position, to use no stronger word, of a retired President. There is a fascination about public office, especially one of high dignity, which I can understand; but the more fascinating the position, the more disagreeable is the inevitable defeat which retires one to private life. I have seen many men to whom it came after their aptitude for the ordinary affairs of life had passed away, as well as their opportunities, while their needs remained in full force; and I long ago resolved that I would never, if I could help it, be in such a position. I went to Washington, in 1881, with reluctance, and was glad to come away. In 1884 I had a conversation with Senator Logan, some time before the national convention. I always liked Gen. Logan. He was a splendid man, honest as the day, strong in his convictions, and would have made an excellent President. He was chairman of the Senate committee on Military Affairs, and, of course, as secretary of War, I had a great deal of business with him in the discussion and consideration of matters coming before his committee pertaining to my department. I noted, or fancied I did, somewhat of a change in his manner towards myself. One day he came into my office, and I said to him:

"'Senator, I want to have a talk with you. My name has been mentioned to some degree in connection with the Presidential nomination. I want to say to you that I am not a candidate for the Presidency. I do not want the office. We both come from the same state and the same city, and I want you to understand my position. I am told that you will be a candidate for the nomination. You need not answer whether this be so or not; but I must say to you frankly that Mr. Arthur, coming by succession into the office of chief executive, and not elected by the people, is naturally desirous to have their endorsement of his administration in the shape of a nomination to office. I can sympathize with him in this, and hence favor his candidacy. If I did not do so, I should feel it my duty to resign my position as a member of his Cabinet. I wish not only to repeat with emphasis that I am not a candidate for the Presidency, but, furthermore, that I do not wish ever to hold any public office after I leave this one, and I hope that in my personal relations you will act accordingly.' Logan thanked me for my frankness, though I fancy," and Mr. Lincoln smiled, "that he really did not entirely believe me."

This bit of retrospection awakened a train of thought in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and he spoke with emphasis of the utterly defenseless condition of our coasts, and the absolute lack of an efficient navy. "During my term as secretary of War," said he, "you recall there was a diplomatic difficulty with Chili. I was in trepidation for some time lest she should send an ironclad up the coast and exact a heavy tribute—millions of dollars, in fact—from San Francisco, under threat of laying the city in ashes, which she could easily have done. Any of the great naval powers of the world could do such a thing—along our Atlantic seaboard, for instance—in case of trouble. Of course, had we entered upon war with Chili, the result would have got the worst of it in the end; but it would have taken time enough to obtain a navy before we could have even begun offensive operations. In point of fact, there is much latent hostility against us among foreign nations, and it would often be easy to bring on a war. But we are not in condition for it, and the world knows it. Hence our foreign policy lacks self-respect, and a proper assertion of our nation's dignity and power. We would be at first at the mercy of foreign states in case of hostilities, and our government has to be humble in its diplomacy in consequence."

The conversation drifted naturally from the foreign policy of the United States to the protective policy, on which Mr. Lincoln was emphatic. Said he:

"I am a thorough protectionist. In all the political speeches I have made, I have dwelt upon this theme chiefly. There is no doubt in my mind that it is the only policy for this country to pursue, and it is growing in popular favor as the people more clearly understand the issue.

A suggestion was made by the reporter that this issue of protection might eventually break the power of the Democratic party in the South. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"It will hardly do that as matters now stand. The fact is that the Democratic party is not a unit for free trade. Randall and Democrats of his school are as good protectionists as are the Republicans. The Southern leaders can trust to the protectionist element in their own party in Congress uniting with the Republicans to prevent anything being done by the free trade wing of their party to injure Southern manufacturing interests, and meanwhile will keep a sharp strip upon the offices."

This led naturally to the matter of the silent colored vote in the South, upon which Mr. Lincoln thus expressed himself:

"There is a general denial that there is intimidation or fraud in the South, on the part of the greater portion of the Democratic press. There is perhaps no bulldozing, no Ku-Klux outrages, no shot gun practice upon negro voters; but this is because the latter understand that they are not to exercise the right of suffrage, and dare not attempt it. If they did, there would be trouble, and a recurrence of the shot gun and bull-whip regime. I have talked with Southern gentlemen who freely admitted that this is the actual state of things, but they excuse themselves by declaring that men and property will not allow themselves to be taxed, nor will the whites allow themselves to be ruled, by ignorant colored officials. They also admit that these practically disfranchised citizens are represented in Congress by men elected solely by white votes, and that it is unfair to the rest of the states; but they throw the blame back upon the Republican party, on the plea that it enacted the legislation giving citizenship and the ballot to the freedman.

"There is much race prejudice still existing in the South, and these people will not submit to be ruled by a class of voters whom they regard as utterly inferior. The Southern problem is a most difficult one, and the process of solution through education and enlightenment very slow. There is a feeling, too, that to allow the negro his equality of rights as a citizen will involve his social equality, and there is nothing more repugnant than this to the Southern whites. Of course there would nothing of the sort follow; but this confusion of ideas is not strange, as we had the same thing here in the North during the war, among the anti-war Democracy."

Reference was made by the reporter to the fact that at Democratic meetings in Ohio, during the Vallandigham campaign, at various places large wagons, filled with maidens dressed in white, were drawn in the processions, with the legend, "Fathers, brothers, save us from negro husbands!" and Mr. Lincoln recalled that Senator Douglas had originated that in the Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858.

At this point Congressman Mason called on Mr. Lincoln on a matter of business, and while the latter gentleman was again at leisure, the reporter brought the conversation back to the Presidential question. Mr. Lincoln went on:

"I do not think there is any likelihood of my receiving the nomination. The men who make the tickets would hardly do so without exacting certain pledges—and those pledges I would not give. I think that would soon end all talk of myself. I doubt whether there has been, for years, a Presidential candidate for whom personal pledges were not made, either by himself or by his friends. Perhaps it is not true of Garfield—his nomination was peculiar."

The suggestion was here made by the reporter that the people would, doubtless, have something to say about the next Presidential nomination, and that, for the first time since 1860, the Republican party would make a nomination without having the managers take a prominent part therein.

"However that may be," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "the fact remains that I do not desire the nomination, and if I could, I would stop all further mention of my name in that connection; and I hope it will cease."

"But suppose the nomination is made, Mr. Lincoln?"

"That is a hard question to answer," returned he. "But tell me," he continued, turning earnestly to the reporter, "have I impressed you as really meaning what I have said? Do you believe me, when I say I have not the slightest desire to be a candidate for the Presidency?"

"Most certainly," was the emphatic reply. And, in fact, no one listening to Mr. Lincoln's talk could fail to be convinced that he was stating the exact truth, and that he really has no personal ambition to be considered in connection with the nomination.

"Well, then," he continued, "I will say this: A duty might be imposed upon a man which he could not honorably avoid."

"The voice of the people is the voice of God," commented the reporter.

"But I really do not want it," Mr. Lincoln went on, not heeding the interruption. "My fitness is not to be compared with that of hundreds of other good Republicans, and I am happier in my present situation than I could possibly be in office. I would much rather continue my present life than exchange it for the wear and tear of official station, no matter how exalted. I cannot believe that any considerable number of those who will have to decide the matter will be in favor of a man who would, like myself, wish their defeat, in any effort to nominate him."

And there is not the slightest doubt but that Mr. Lincoln actually feels as he said. It is to be remembered that his life has been such as to lead to this feeling. As a boy, he remembers the terrible anxiety of the long years of the civil war upon his father; and the tragic death of that martyr at the hands of a political assassin, coming as a climax, produced so deep an impression upon his nature as to be ineradicable. Then he has seen official life from the inside, and knows its real burden of anxieties and cares, and the hollowness of the gilded bubble of fame which the unthinking multitude admire so greatly.

But, *vox populi, vox Dei*—the voice of the people is the voice of God; and the writer feels assured that, no matter how much he may wish to be relieved of the burden, Robert T. Lincoln is too true an American not to respect a call coming from the people of the nation, and summoning him to accept the highest office within their gift; and, furthermore, that he would make one of the best Presidents the nation has ever had. He would give us not only a Republican, but a business administration. Mr. Lincoln is a sagacious, prudent man, Republican to the core, wonderfully patriotic, and in all things eminently fitted for the office of chief magistrate.

THE LAND OF THE "DARNED MOUNSEER."

BY MAX O'RELL.

I.—THE FRENCH IN LEADING STRINGS.

An Apology—Good Society—Where to Go to Obtain Observation—The Causerie—Women of Taste and Culture—Woman's Sovereignty—The Bourgeois' Wife: Her Ways and Shrewdness—Are French Women Frivolous?—Mothers—The Shopkeeper's Wife—Sound Partnership—A Lesson in Politeness—The Peasant Women—Industrious Habits—Genius of Economy—Who Made the Suez Canal?—The French Women Redeemed Their Country Sixteen Years Ago.

The national character of the French has greatly altered since the disasters of 1870, and no one need wonder at it. They have become more susceptible; they are now the most sensitive people on earth. The rage for equality is often manifested by a ferocious jealousy of those who rise, either in literature, in the fine arts, or politics. All these are failings that we possessed before the Franco-German war, but in a much lesser degree.

What has not changed, fortunately, is the character of the French women, I mean especially the women of the people.

Good society is much alike everywhere—like hotels; it is a question of more or less manners in the former, of more less fleas in the latter. Good society in France is no exception to the rule. No more are the hotels—far the contrary. But is there to be learned in what is termed "high society" except gossip from club smoking rooms and from boudoirs, which might, perhaps, furnish a few pages of *Scandalous Chronicle*. It is the people who preserve the traditions of a country; therefore, it is the middle classes, the working classes in town and country, that the observer must study.

If you wish to study the manners of any nation, take third-class tickets. There is little or nothing to be picked up in a first-class carriage.

That the French women of the upper classes are the leaders of fashion all over the world, everybody knows; but I cannot pass them over without dwelling upon the reason why our best men are still at the feet of our women.

"If I were queen," said Madame Recamier one day, "I would command Madame de Stael to talk to me all day long," and a contemporary of this celebrated authoress relates how he and some friends of his were driving with her one day and were suddenly surprised by a violent storm coming over their heads without their having noticed a sign of its gathering, so absorbing were the charm and vivacity of her conversation. There are plenty of French women of whom similar things might be said.

From the seventeenth century they have continued to hand down this charming sovereignty of conversation. Mother bequeaths it to daughter, or it is transmitted in the blood, and, to my mind, this is what chiefly distinguishes them from the women of other countries. In spite of telegraph and railways, in spite of politics, which in these days absorb all ranks of French society, people still *causent* in France, and this, thanks to the neatness of the town for using the word *causer*, but you have no equivalent for it in in English. *Chat* is, perhaps, the nearest approach to it, but even that fails to render its meaning. A *causerie* is marked not only by interest of subject, but also by a lightness of touch which the French language eminently lends itself to.

It is true that here and there you will come across a Frenchwoman, bitten with new-fangled notions, discoursing of politics, the moral and intellectual progress of the people, social emancipation, and other tedious topics; but such black sheep are rare; the great majority are content to play their natural part, to be the ornaments of society, to lend it the special interest, the tact, grace, and harmony which form its chief redeeming points, and without which life would become, if not insupportable, very near akin to that of the savages.

Can you imagine a drawing-room attractive without the presence of ladies? Have you never noticed that, as a rule, the most clever men fall into argumentation? That their oratory fails to interest or convince you, and that there is a general feeling of coldness and restraint? But let a woman come in, a woman of taste, and gayety comes with her; conversation becomes animated and attractive. It runs gracefully from one subject into another, like a butterfly from spray to spray. It touches each lightly, rises to high thoughts, comes to earth again, passing from lofty to lowly subject, from grave to gay, with infinite meanders. Every one is moved to show himself at his best, and draws from his vocabulary his choicest expressions, his happiest reflections, surprised himself if he is surprised to find himself inspired as by a muse. Just now they were killing time; now every one is enjoying himself. All constraint is gone; each one gives free expression to his thoughts. In a word, just now they were talking; now they *caused*. And in taking leave of their hostess they might repeat the expression that a certain courtly *abbé* of the eighteenth century used in speaking to a *grande dame* who had communicated to him something of her irresistible spirit, "Madame, I am but an instrument on which you have played with skill."

So much for the French women of the upper classes.

Now let us pass on to the different working classes of society. There, too, we find woman's sovereignty indisputable, and the men in leading-strings. In the French household the woman is queen. Her empire over her children is perfect, and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and he thinks that, after all, much worse might happen to him. The wife knows all her husband's affairs, and when he has a few savings to invest, he does not think it beneath him to ask her advice. She knows, as well as he, the current prices of stocks at the Bourse, and if he should be seized with a prurience to embark in speculation, she brings to bear all her influence over him to induce him to buy consols or any other government securities. Call on her husband on business, and if he is from home you will not need to make a second visit on that account; she has all the affairs of the firm at her fingers' end. She is the goddess of economy and order. Every little *bourgeoise* keeps a little memorandum book, in which she writes down all her expenses. Nothing is forgotten, not even the half-penny to the blind beggar who plays the flute at the street corner.

The French woman has a genius for cookery, and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married life to see that Monsieur dines well. I believe you have a saying in England that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but I fancy there are many English women who do not use this pathway as much as they might. The politics of matrimony is a science inborn in our women. Let a French woman be rich or poor—the mistress of a mansion in the Champs Elysees or of a poor fifth floor little flat at Montmartre or Batignolles—she has also the charm of femininity. She is always smart, always alert, and has a little fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On Sundays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle-class French woman is ladylike, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry, this great stamp of vulgarity, and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or of a small tradesman.

Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because in her dress, that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even if her stock of clothes is scanty, her clever brain and fingers help her to cover its deficiencies by constant little changes. With two or three dresses in her possession, the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well-filled wardrobe.

I have often in England heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity, and, in my quality of Frenchwomen, surely ought to be as good a judge of the point as the English tourist. How can Frenchwomen, who are perhaps, of all women in the world, the most initiated into the affairs of their husbands, be frivolous? If frivolity consists in trying to remain young and attractive as long as possible without becoming ridiculous, then the French bourgeoise is frivolous. If, again, frivolity consists in making a home cheerful and gay, and preventing a husband from being absorbed by the cares of business, then she is frivolous.

But this is nonsense. Is she frivolous, this woman who is the friend and confidante of her husband—who, in important matters as well as in the smallest, has both a consultative and deliberative voice in the household? It is she who knows, with her economy and good management, how to face the danger when, from one cause or another, the family revenue diminishes; it is she who knows, with her energy, now to ward off ruin from her threshold. If this woman were frivolous, how could you explain the adoration for the mother which, even to the lowest of the low, you find in French children? How could this be, unless she were the example of all domestic virtues? If a Frenchman of forty would hesitate to take an important step in life without first consulting his mother, surely it must be that he recognizes in her a wise guide. It would be mere naivete on my party to dwell longer on this absurd charge of frivolity.

Take now the shopkeeping classes. There you will see the wife the active partner of her husband. Behold them both as the commercial traveler displays his goods on the counter. The wife is supreme. Her objections are without appeal, her opinion final. It is she who generally has charge of the books and of the cash box, and neither books nor cash were ever entrusted to better guardianship. She is not a mere housekeeper, with or without wages; she is the partner, not merely a sleeping partner. This not only enables her, if she happens to become a widow, to carry on the business without her husband, to be independent, and to bring up her children. She has not, to obtain a living on her husband's death, to become a working housekeeper or a nurse; she is the mistress of her own house as before, and now the head of the firm.

In her shop she is most polite and *empressee*, but never servile, and if you wish her to take you for a gentleman, don't keep your hat on while you are engaged with her in a commercial transaction. I have still present in my memory the following little anecdote: A well-dressed man once entered a perfumer's shop where I was purchasing a pair of gloves. Keeping his hat on all the time, he addressed the perfumer's wife in a most off-hand manner. But what exasperated the dear woman was that, after inquiring about the price of some score of articles, he prepared to retire, saying, "He didn't think he wanted anything." "I think you do," replied the woman, who was not to be wholly without a revenge; "you want a few lessons in politeness, at all events."

It is said that Louis XIV., the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his consort. Surely no man need think that he derogates from his dignity by keeping his hat off in a respectable shop when he is served by a woman.

I might say a word or two on the drawbacks of the influence of women on French men, but there is no doubt that this influence has polished our manners. Even in business intercourse politeness is not banished. In England, for instance, cheques are marked "Pay to." In France they are worded, "*Veuilles payer*"—"Please to pay," "Kindly pay," etc.

You can not obtain a perfect notion of French industry unless you pay a visit to our peasantry. I must say that now the woman ceases to be attractive. She does not even attempt to look so. Sunburnt, hale and hearty, behold her, dear English tourist, that is the fortune of France. She does not wear fringes on her forehead, I will admit, she does not wear flounces on a second-hand skirt, or a hat with flowers and feathers, and she totally ignores shilling diamonds. She has a coarse serge gown on and simple snowy cap. She is clean and tidy, and the admirable habits of industry. I do not doubt, however, that, thanks to the blessings of gratuitous and compulsory education, the time will soon come when she will want to imitate the ladies of the town in her habits and dress, and that her sons will despise the dear old land where they were born, and will all want to be clerks and swagger in town using the light trousers, and sticks. Thank goodness, this sickening spectacle is not yet to be seen in France.

This good, hard-working, thrifty woman is the backbone of the country. The amount of work she can get through is simply prodigious. You will always see her busy, either working in the field, selling the produce of her little farm in the market place of the nearest town, or engaged about her little household. Whether she takes her cow to the field, or is on her way to town, whether she is sitting behind her wares waiting for customers, or in a railway station waiting for her train, look at her fingers busy on a pair of stockings. She does not know what it is to be idle for a single moment. She has never left her dear village, and is quite content to end up of her "three acres and a cow." But she has got them, and, thanks to her frugal habits and splendid management, her family can live and thrive on them.

She is not attractive, but she is a picture of health and contentment. Shares or bonds may go up or down without disturbing her peace; she holds none. She trusts her savings to nobody. Bankers, she thinks, company directors, and stock-jobbers are very respectable persons, but when the old stocking is swollen with five-franc pieces, she rounds off her little family domain and buys a new field, something she is quite sure to find in its place when she wakes up in the morning. Her daughter goes into service and makes a capital servant. Like her mother, she has but one thing, saying to wages. She does not get a new hat every month to get photographed in it. She puts her money in the savings bank.

Let me give you an example of her frugality, and allow me to take it from a personal recollection. My mother has a housemaid who has been with her 25 years. Not long ago, while in France, I took aside this old servant. "I know how devoted you have been to my mother," I said to her. "You are not strong, and I daresay you will not wish to go into service again; but make yourself easy about this. If anything should happen to my mother, I shall see that you are comfortable for the rest of your life. But," I said, inquiringly, "I have no doubt you have something of your own by this time?" Imagine my surprise when I heard her tell me she had saved over 10,000 fr. (between £400 and £500), all well invested, including one share in the Suez Canal company.

Since I have mentioned the Suez canal, why should I not take the opportunity for trying to explain the uneasiness that is now being created in France by the British, who, not content with the possession of the Suez canal was not made by big capitalists. It was made by the savings banks of France, by the "old stockings," that is to say, by the small *bourgeois*, the working people and the servants. When we reflect that the riches of France derive from the economy imposed upon every family by the necessities of a town, I might even say that the Suez canal is the work of the French women. This canal is essentially a national enterprise, and the least French mechanic will tell you, "*We* have made the Suez canal."

You will find very few French families possessing so many as ten shares. They are spread all over the country. Well, let a few unscrupulous journalists attempt to prove to the people that the English want to annex, or *protect*, Egypt, in order to seize on the Suez Canal, and you will easily imagine the effect. What a pity it seems that nations can only talk to other nations through their political press! What a pity it is that the British people cannot let their French neighbors know in plain words that they admire them for the gigantic work they have made, and that they will never dream of being connected with the Suez Canal otherwise than as good customers to help them to get good dividends!

These same women, who made Suez, are now making the Panama canal. Of course, we hear a great deal of pooh-poohing in this country about it, but the English, it should not be forgotten, called M. de Lesseps a "dangerous lunatic" for attempting his other gigantic undertaking.

These same women of France did something grander than all this. It was they who redeemed their beloved country, and paid off the Prussho sixteen years ago.

To be continued.

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THE FISH BITE vigorously about this time, and nowhere do finer fish bite, nor bite more eagerly than in the numerous trout and grayling streams and crystal lakes of Northern Michigan. Mackinac Island is in the very center of the sportsman's paradise. Near it are the finest fishing grounds of Lake Huron, and hard by are the famous, yet little known, Les Cheneaux Islands, where monster muskallonge meander. Send for detailed information to Wm. J. Semwerth, Agent M. C., Toledo, O.

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Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, 1887, from all principal points West of Buffalo, Wheeling and Pittsburg, to Hastings, Nebraska, at one fare for the round trip. At Hastings excursionists may purchase tickets to all points West at the same rate. Hastings is one of the principal cities of the West, and its railroad facilities and advantages for manufacturers and jobbers are second to none.

Not Half Bad, This.

What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

The New Self Treatment at Home.

Afflicted women who want a reputable, sure, safe and pleasant remedy for female irregularities will find such clearly described in English medical publications. Sent free. Address Esray Hall & Co., 56 Warren St., N. Y., Box 1703.

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instruments that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

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Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

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We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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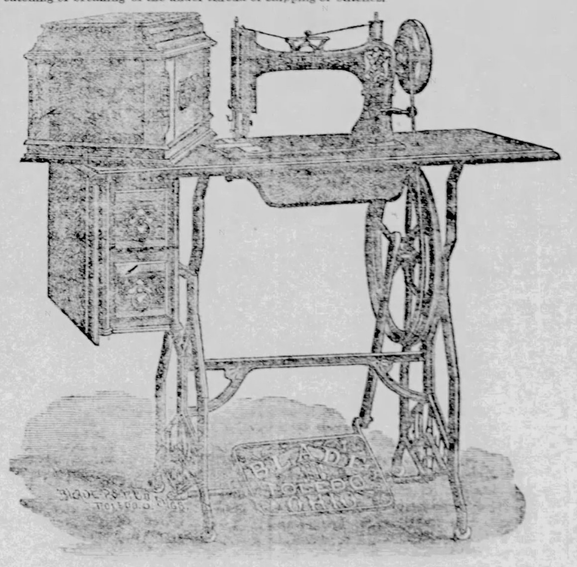

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It will cross & bar every seams, or work from thin to thick goods better and easier than any other machine ever made.

It is a marvel of simplicity. It is light running, and the improved machine is very quiet.

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The machine I sent for has arrived, and so far as tried gives satisfaction, and I think it is fully as good as recommended in the Toledo BLADE. MRS. L. J. COBLE.

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Machine arrived in good order. Think it will prove all that you claim for it. A. M. SWIFT.

BURLINGAME, KAN.

My machine has come. It got here the 13th of this month, and I must say I was surprised to see so good a machine. I am proud of it. I got it for my little daughter, and she is pleased with it. The women come from all directions to see it and all are pleased with it. I think it will be the cause of several sales in this part of the country. A man came to me in town the other day, when I had my machine on the table, and said he had better send that machine back, for it is no good." I asked him if he was a machine agent, and he said he was. I said: "Well, I guess you have said enough," and left him. I will do all I can for you. I think a great deal of your paper.

WM. B. ALLEN.
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SIR:—We received our machine in May, and must say that it is fully equal to the best, and it is the simplest machine I ever saw.

G. E. CHIM.
RAVENNA, O.

I can now say I have a splendid sewing machine. The leg came all right. I did not trust any of the town mechanics, but sent to my uncle, who is a very careful man and a good judge of machines, and he put on the new leg without any trouble. I like it ever so much, and shall test it to the best of my ability. All that have seen it think I have a nice machine, coupon and all.

ELLA HINSMAN.
ISHESPOMO, MO.

DEAR SIRS:—My Sewing Machine came all right the first of July, and I am pleased with it. I consider I have got the best Sewing Machine made, and I have been offered $40 for it, all for the small sum of $18. I think I have been very fortunate. ROXIE COOMBS.

VANCLEVE, IOWA.

I wish to express my thanks for your kind letter received to-day. A few weeks ago I became the happy possessor of one of your sewing machines, and as I had kept house for 14 years without one of my own, I was so proud and happy as any little girl with her first new dolly.

I was quite awkward with it at first, and had just got well acquainted with it, when one of the children, by careless experimenting with it, injured it so that it

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A GOOD SOCIAL POSITION.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

What is it? How can it be obtained? What is it worth? If it be of such infinite importance as it seems since there is so much struggling for its possession, so many heart burnings and jealousies in the effort to keep it, so many sacrifices made to avoid its loss, these three questions are of vital moment, and there are none who can afford to neglect their consideration. Anything which is placed before all other good things, in advance of moral, mental and physical welfare, as this most emphatically is, ought to be studied early and late, in season and out of season, in all its bearings.

What is a good social position? The answer to me so far has proved elusive, or at best, most unsatisfactory. Instead of being able to define it exactly, to measure its length and breadth compared to other things, it still remains as much a mystery as ever. I know that wealth has much to do with it, as it has with everything pertaining to this world, but since it is only a very small proportion of the people who make up the busy struggling mass of humanity around us, who are rich, it cannot be that alone which regulates this matter. Men and women, boys and girls even, prate about social position as if it were the *summum bonum* of all the goods of existence. Always excepting money, but it is easy to understand why that is so much prized—for it brings the power to purchase at will those things which satisfy the senses, that are constantly craving something new. But yet that wealth does not constitute the only open sesame is evident from the fact that there is as strong a caste feeling in the working classes as among those who count their wealth by the million. The wife of the day laborer is as anxious to be the social equal or superior of her neighbor as any of those higher up in the scale.

The general idea of a good social position seems to be the being recognized as the equal and on visiting terms with those who, by virtue of some real or fancied superiority, are considered to be leaders. For a woman to maintain it, she must call at the best houses, be invited to the most fashionable parties, entertain after the most approved style, and do in all things her part towards keeping the machinery of society in motion. I do not mean that it is necessary for her to live as expensively as one who has double the income, but her mode of living must approach a certain standard established usually by those who, by reason of fortune, family or fame are in advance of the majority.

How can a good social position be secured? Very easily, even though the charmed doors seem to those who have never obtained an entrance within, to be closed and padlocked against them; even though they upon the other side glance out upon them with cold indifference or even worse than that, with contempt. All that is necessary for such persons is to have a fair address, sufficient knowledge of the English language to make an approach to correct speaking, money enough to entertain well, and the indomitable push that will not be affected by any amount of snubbing during the getting in process.

Of course I am speaking now of the ambitious outsiders who have nothing with which to make the bolts slip back easily. Much money, or the influence of some one of unquestioned position are, both, keys that rarely fail of doing their work, and that without undue pushing. Bring the right kind of leverage to bear, even without these, and no matter how much out in the cold you may be to-day, next week you can hold your own in what seems to you now a charmed circle. Coarseness and vulgarity, outside of poverty, are the only things that will keep you out of what is named good society, if you desire to enter in, but a fine house with money freely spent in entertaining, fashionable dressing and handsome equipage will make even these forgotten or at least ignored. Once in, you will be invited to dinners, parties, and receptions; your card basket will be filled with the cards of other members of the best society, and you can pass serenely on, secure in the consciousness that you are recognized the equal, at least outwardly, of any that you may chance to meet. You may wonder a little, and, doubtless, remembering how you felt when you were outside, you will be surprised at the comparative ease with which you made your entrance. You will have no trouble in maintaining your place, providing you do not fall behind in what are called your social duties.

It is true that poverty, or working for money, whether be it from necessity or choice, operates as a hindrance to the attainment of a good social position, when ignorance and idleness will not. Only so far as women are concerned, however, is this true, and the kind of labor, whether intellectual or mechanical, makes a difference. This is the outgrowth of the increase of wealth and a desire to establish an aristocracy like that in the Old World.

Finally, how much is this good social position worth? You understand that I am referring to a place in fashionable society; a position that obtains a recognition from fashionable people; that brings an invitation to all of the fashionable social entertainments; that makes your own invitations accepted with apparent pleasure. Is it worth toiling, and struggling to keep up appearances, pinching and scraping to do what your richer neighbor is doing? Is it worth giving up what is of infinitely more moment for the future in order to answer to what is demanded of you, if you are "in society?"

Social success is by no means to be despised if it can be attained legitimately, and by that I mean, if it comes without a struggle that leaves better things undone because body and soul are strained to the utmost in this one direction. A cultivated woman, with wealth and leisure, who can make her home a center from which radiate pleasant things for the many, has it in her power to do a world of good to those around her. She may help the growth of good fellowship; she may increase the love for refined enjoyments; she may give a higher tone to society, and in that way uplift the community.

It was never meant that human beings should isolate themselves from each other. Nor is it right. All are answerable for the good influence they may exert, and individuals are themselves better for social communion with their fellows. It is arrant selfishness that shuts the door upon the whole outside world in order to pursue a certain kind of life unmolested. Social duties there are which ought to be fulfilled to the best of the ability. That, however, is not what I am talking about. It is the worship—that is the only word that will express it—of a recognized place in what is called the best society, which leads to undue efforts to obtain it, and unhappiness if it be questioned.

A certain kind of ambition is a good and necessary thing in the make-up of every individual. If we never look ahead with longing, no steps will be taken forward. But ambition without wisdom works evil.

Said a correspondent in a most excellent letter received a day or two ago:

While deprecating the false pride of which you speak in your letter to the BLADE, I would like to suggest that there is a foundation for it. Where I have lived I have never seen a man worth having who married a girl out of somebody's kitchen. Heavy work does coarsen one, (I know this from past experience) and a solid man requires gentility in his wife, even though it be that of a shop girl over a kitchen maid, and his worth commands it. The greatest blessing that can come to a woman is a good man's love. Can you blame a girl for placing herself instinctively where she has a chance to attract worthy suitors?

My friend misunderstands me. I do not blame any one for doing the very best she can for herself. But a half loaf is better than none at all. If a girl can earn a good living doing housework, and only a pittance at something a little more genteel, it is a foolish pride that will keep her from doing what will give her a comfortable living, even though it may diminish her chance of marrying one she thinks her equal. If she has brains and perseverance she will only stay in "somebody's kitchen" until she can either fit herself for something else, or rise out of the drudgery into the position of a well-paid housekeeper. If she has not the ability to rise she is not a fit wife for the man who, from your standpoint, is "worth having." Kitchen work is not inspiring; manual labor, long-continued, may coarsen; not that in itself it deteriorates, but that it so taxes the body that there is no reserved strength to give the brain to act, and yet it does not seem to me that this applies to all the work of a home where so much more is to be done than the actual drudgery. It takes good brains to do good cooking.

This, however, is a wandering from the subject. The conclusion of the whole matter, to my mind, is, that the only social position worth having is that which comes readily and without forcing; that which calls for no sacrifice of duty or of things that are of more permanent value; that can be held without any mental strain or anxiety; and is divested of jealous fear lest it be not recognized by others. Anything other than that is not worth the candle.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Dresser Scarfs.—Someone writes to know about these useful articles, what their width should be, etc. Make them just to come to the edge of the dresser but to hang over at the ends. Very pretty ones can be made of butchers' linen, etched across the ends above a fringe made by drawing out the threads and knotting it. Put some design in the center also. What is called Fayal Crash can also be used.

Scarf Tidy.—A very pretty one is made of a yellow pink India silk, a yard and a half long. Turn down a hem an inch wide and define it by several rows of outline stitch in colors or by crocheting tinsel cord around it. Inside put in groups of dogwood blossoms, of the conventional kind, connecting them with lines of outline stitch or with tinsel, depending upon what is used upon the edge. Put the centers of the flowers in with knot stitch. Trim the ends with some kind of tassels that are light and fluffy. These can either be bought, or can be made of floselle combed out, and then covered with bright colored threads. This scarf may be knotted on or tied with satin ribbons.—ED.

Painting on China.—In my last article on the subject of china painting published in the BLADE AND HOUSEHOLD of June 16, 1887, I outlined a simple palette for beginners, and gave a list of brushes, oils, etc., with which to apply it, promising to come again and give instructions for its use. I did not think it would be so long ere I kept my promise, but I, like the rest of the world, am governed by circumstances. There was one tube color that I forgot to mention in the list already referred to, and that is ivory black; we need this color for forming pretty grays for shading. For the present lesson we will assume the small sized plate of the HOUSEHOLD'S French china spoken of in the article of June 16. This will be what is called overglaze, or painting on the glazing.

The underglaze painting is much more difficult, and is better done by experienced artists. A small spray of apple blossoms, painted so as to appear to be laid on the center or one side of the plate is very pretty. The flowers are to be painted with carmine and the buds may be put in with a gray, made with carmine and apple green. The green leaves may be painted with apple green, shaded with "best brown" or brown green. For dark shadows, black green may be used, but with great care, as it is of great intensity. Grass green No. 5 also is used for foliage.

To make a dark green, mix apple green grass green a little blue, as a little mixing yellow to make a yellow green. For greenish shadows on green leaves, carmine and purple may be used. Of course the pink flowers must be shaded down with the same color with which they are painted, *i. e.*, parts of the petals of a deeper shade of the carmine. This is done by laying on a little heavier coat of Lacroix's tube colors, all that is necessary is to dilute them with turpentine, care being taken not to get them too thin with it. Lavender oil is preferred by many artists, but it will not dry as readily as the turpentine. It is used in place of the turpentine to dilute to your colors. The writer of this letter prefers the lavender oil for much of the work. Do not work over a color the second time, until it is thoroughly dry, as it will come up and spoil your work.

Apply the points or colors after the same manner as water colors are put on, viz: in long sweeps of the brush, not in petty strokes. Care should be taken to place each touch of paint just where it belongs, and then leave it, not spoiling it with overworking it. Practice will make it easy, and it is worth all the trouble to acquire it. The brushes must be kept clean by washing them frequently in turpentine or alcohol, and not used from one paint to another, indiscriminately. The plate can be placed under the rest for the hand, described in the June 16 article, and the painting done by turning it around, so as to be easily reached by the brush at all its parts.

There are different ways of getting the design drawn on the article to be painted, but the best is to commence to sketch with the brush, beginning at once using the color to be painted into the flowers as leaf. The beginner will acquire skill in that way and can soon copy at sight with a brush without a sketch. More anon.—L. M., Rochester, N. Y.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and n, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; t, bind over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c s st, cross stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Fluted Lace.—If the lady who wished directions for "Fluted Lace," will try this, I think it will please her: Cast on 22 stitches. 1st row—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 2d row—k 9—p 11—leave three on needle and turn back; 3d row—k 14—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 4th row—k 10—p 11—k 3; 5th row—k 18—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 6th row—k 11—p 11—leave 3 turn back; 7th row—p 11—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 8th row—plain; 9th row—k 3—p 11—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 10th row—k 2 4—leave 3; 11th row—p 11—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 12th row—knit off until you have 21 on left hand needle and 1 on right, finish across plain and begin at first row.—SUE W., Genesco, Ill.

Point Lace.—1st row—4 plain—o—2 tog—1 plain—o—sl 1—k 2 tog—pull sl s o—o—2 plain—o—2—k 2 tog. 2d row—o—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 4—o—k 2 tog—o—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—o—k 8. 4th row—Cast off 3—k 4—p 6—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—4 plain—o—k 2 tog—1 plain—o—sl 1—k 2 tog—pull sl s o—o—2 plain—o—2—k 2 tog—o—2—k 2 tog. 6th row—o—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—k 4—o—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 8. 8th row Cast off 3—k 4—p 6—k 1—o—k 2 tog—k 2.

Crocheted Lace.—Make a chain the desired length. First Row—(*a*) One double crochet in the fifth stitch, keeping the last stitch on the hook; one double crochet in same stitch, keeping last stitch on hook; then draw wool through all three stitches, one picot, formed by four chain, fastened back with single crochet in first stitch; one picot, three double crochets, keeping last stitch on hook, in fifth foundation stitch; three picot, one leaf formed by three double crochets in same fifth foundation stitch, two picot, two double crochets, keeping last stitch on hook, miss four stitches, one single crochet in fifth stitch, put wool through all four stitches, five chain, miss nine foundation stitches, and repeat from (*a*) to end of chain. 2d row—is worked on other side of foundation (*b*), one leaf formed by three double crochets in same stitch in which the four other leaves are made, five chain, another leaf in same stitch, one double crochet in middle of the next nine foundation stitches, seven chain, one double crochet in same stitch. Repeat from (*b*) to end of row. 3rd row—On same side (*c*) one long crochet, one chain, miss one stitch. Repeat from (*c*) the length of lace.

Correspondence.

ABOUT DAHLIAS.—August, the last of the summer months, is almost gone, and soon Jack Frost will claim the garden flowers. As soon as the tops of the dahlias are killed take the bulbs up carefully, so as not to break off any of the little tubers; let dry one day. Cut off the tops about four inches from the bulbs, remove all the soil still on the bulbs and set in a box of dry sand. (I always have my sand drying several days before I want to use it, as I have several times lost bulbs by having the sand too wet.) Set the box in a warm, dry place until a month before planting time, then bring the box into the light and water with warm water to start the sprouts. After the eyes are well started take them out of the sand and divided them. The sprouts only appear on such bulbs as are attracted to the main stalk, so that when dividing them there must be a piece of the main stalk with an eye to the bulbs attached to it. Many fall with dahlias because they think the bulbs many all be separated and will grow like potatoes, but they will not grow however sound unless there is an eye on them, and as the eyes are only produced around the stalk, the bulbs to grow must be divided so as to have a piece of stalk attached. Dahlias cannot be divided in the fall, only in spring after the eyes start. After dividing the bulbs, set them in pots or boxes of rich soil and transplant to the garden after danger of frost is past. Gladiolus should be taken up in October after through blooming left to get dry and then put into paper bags and hung up in a warm dry place, and set in the open ground when danger of frost is over. After the frost has killed the garden flowers it is a good plan to sow a few hardy annuals for early spring flowers. Prepare the ground the same as for spring sowing, and just before cold weather begins sow the seeds. Petunias, poppies, portulaca, sweet alyssum pinks, candytuft, asperula, bartonia and a great many of the hardy annuals are splendid for fall sowing; they are up and growing by the time you are beginning to think of seed sowing. A succession of flowers may be had by sowing hardy annuals in the fall and again in the spring, the fall sown plants beginning to go to seed about the time the spring sown plants begin to bloom.

A few hardy bulbs such as tulips, hyacinths, crocus, snowdrops, scilla siberica, narcissus, jonquils and lily of the valley should be planted during October for early spring flowers, and a few lilies should find a place in every yard. The hardy bulbs are also nice for pot culture producing their flowers in mid winter. Primroses are among the prettiest of the winter blooming plants, being always in bloom and the foliage is quite as pretty as that of the rose geranium. The new Stormking fuschia is also a good winter bloomer and Cinerarias are always popular window plants. Chrysanthemums bloom from October until after Christmas and geranium slips started last spring will give an abundance of bloom during winter if the buds have been kept picked off during the summer; for plants that have bloomed all summer cannot be expected to work all winter, for all plants require a season of rest and will take it during some part of the year. Plants that have been bedded out during the summer should be prepared for carrying to the house by first cutting around the plant with a sharp spade or trowel, leaving a ball of earth a little smaller than the pot it is to occupy; leave a week or two to heal the cut roots; then take up and set in the pots, water, and set in a light, cool place, but not where the sun until the plants begin to grow. Pansies sown in September make good plants for early spring flowers, coming into bloom as soon as the snow is off.—FRANCES B., Box 126, West Branch, Mich.

WHAT HE SAYS—Zepthania Z.—You complain of your husband and say "that he comes home from business, eats his supper in silence, reads the newspaper immediately thereafter, or sleeps 'til bed time on the lounge, and has no chatter to indulge—for his wife has a sofa which implies luxuries, and of course, an abundance of the necessaries of life its component part, including a nice home. The acquisition of these things requires a strong, vigilant, active man. Wearied with the toils of the day, he finds rest and a relaxation in the social circle of his family, in the peaceful employment of all the comforts of his home that his loving wife so well knows how to adorn.

That he quietly partakes of his supper and turns to his newspaper for recreation, or the sofa for a nap, should be no cause of apprehension on the part of the wife that the beautiful perfection of the sofa's luxuries are not appreciated by him. The delicate touch by your deft hands in the neat and orderly arrangement of the household and tempting savory meats set before him, has won for you the four points of the compass in his affection, and a corner in his heart that no meddling persons or outside matter can ever displace, unless but the like of calumny breathe aught against the fair name of that fussy complaining wife, the anger and resentment of that undemonstrative husband would know no bounds in the protection and defense of his wife's honor—most husbands are undemonstrative. A wife can lead him captive by the same silken cord. Indeed he proves to be her willing slave. She may, if she chooses lead him in a reasonable measure after her own sweet will. Your husband has a comfortable home and a good wife and Mr. Z. is found home after business hours. On the other hand let home be made uncomfortable, the silver cloud of labor and business lining, where is Mr. Z.? His family do not know; his plate is not turned up; he is not reading his paper; the sofa is vacant; where is he? Many—very many wives can not answer. Who alone answers. Where! There is a Darby as well as a Joan side of life. Let each but drink the prose of love with loving hearts and hands and the poetry of it will follow:

Shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of roses will linger still.
—PHIO, Bowling Green, Ky.

IRONING SHIRTS.—The shirts having been taken from the line thoroughly dry, sprinkled lightly and folded, placed in the basket and left till morning, are ready to be ironed. First iron the wrong side of the bosom, then the back. Next dip the wrong side of the bosom into starch made by the following rule, four times, squeezing out carefully each time. Starch: Two even teaspoonfuls Elastic Starch to a pint of cold water. Now take the bosom right side down in your left hand, smooth out carefully, and with the right hand dampen with the starch on wrong side any places which are not damp enough, such as around the neck and in the corners. Now turn right side out, place over a small bosom board, smooth out with your hands every wrinkle—for this purpose have a piece of cheesecloth and iron from side to side, not lengthwise. Lift up the cheesecloth once in a while to prevent it from sticking, but be sure to keep the same side up always, or it will spoil everything. Also lift the bosom from the board twice to prevent it from sticking to the cloth. Then the bosom begins to harden take off the cheesecloth and finish with the iron alone. To put in the final polish turn the bosom board over and iron on the hard surface, pressing heavily. My bosom board is a little longer and wider than the bosoms, covered with two thicknesses of old blanket and two of cloth on the right side, and a thickness of cloth on the wrong. There are patent bosom boards with a place for the neck and a piece at the bottom to hold the shirt steady that are very nice. I hope that those who try my way and like it will mention it in the BLADE.—MRS. N.—D.

ONE WORD FOR THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—I as a friend of temperance cannot agree with MRS. M. L. Beiggie, in administering a dose of the vegetine or any of these poisonous drugs to a babe, if it is possible to avoid so doing. Oh, mothers, if you only knew the little germ, or embryo you were planting in these baby gardens, you would not be astonished that America has so many slaves to opium, so many fathers and mothers, husbands and widows that are more asleep than awake, more dead than alive. We as mothers must stop using these soothing syrups, then that great curse of intemperance will not stare and haunt us so much in our old age. I am the mother of two fine, hearty children, and from the first I resolved to never resort to narcotics. In case of colic I used a tea made of camomile; sweetened a little it is very pleasant and very soothing.—EVALINE RENO.

Inquiries.

Can some of the readers tell me, through the BLADE, of something that can be burned in a stove, that will clean out the pipe where the soot has become hardened like cinder?—NANNIE.

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I would like the address of Lena Walla, as she is desirous of corresponding with some one in Kansas. I would also like the address of Louelle M. Inould; like to get better acquainted with her and to thank her for her good advice. It helped me so much, as I am also a motherless girl trying to keep house for my father.—LENA D., box 463, Lyons, Kan.

I have a nice hair cloth sofa that has got so musty it is not pleasant to sit on it. Will some one tell me through the BLADE if they know of anything that will take it too—for has it not been so often heard and seen during the day; meanwhile, your life is a trend mill round of tiresome duties wholly unappreciated by him." Will you pardon me if I tell you that you have a good husband and don't know it, and that he has a good wife and knows it. A business man—and a successful one too—for his home has a sofa which implies luxuries, and of course, an abundance of the necessaries of life its component part, including a nice home. The acquisition of these things requires a strong, vigilant, active man. Wearied with the toils of the day, he finds rest and a relaxation in the social circle of his family, in the peaceful employment of all the comforts of his home that his loving wife so well knows how to adorn.

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Will the correspondent from Northern California, "Hair," please send her address to me, Mrs. Nettie Winter, Bougiass, Butler county, Kan.? I will pay all postage.

Will you kindly publish a recipe for making and fermenting grape wine? I think you did a year or two ago, but I have not got the paper.—CHAS. A. TAUGHT.

Please give me a recipe for preventing dandruff forming on the scalp.—E. N.

Will some one tell how to make the sticky paper that is used to catch flies?—M. A. FLICKINGER.

What is the most powerful astringent known?—AUNT MARY.

Can any reader of the BLADE tell me how I tell a male mocking bird from a female? —PEGGY JANE.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD sisters please tell me how I could become a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? And also how to organize a Good Templars Lodge? Would like it fully explained, as I am entirely ignorant on the subject. If members of those organizations would write to me, I would be glad to return the favor in any way possible.—NETTIE E. PEARELL, Germantown, Smith county, Kan.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. A. Lawrence, Kansas: One of the best, if not the best, papers in the world devoted to woman suffrage, is the *Woman's Journal*, published in Boston. Its editors are Lucy Stone, her husband H B. Blackwell, and their daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, while its contributors are among those best known for their work for women. This paper not only tells of the progress of suffrage, but also of what women are doing in different directions. Another good paper is the *Woman's Tribune*, published at Beatrice, Nebraska.—ED.

Have you still a book on Social Etiquette for $1?—E. S. G.

The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., will send it for price named.—ED.

I answered J. W. Coswald's inquiry sometime ago, stating that there was plenty of government land in Southwest Missouri, with an abundance of fine water and fine timber and a good country to make a living in, but for some reason it was not published.

Some months past I saw a request in the BLADE for a recipe for making grape jelly minus the "glass." I have never seen an answer, so I will send my method, as I am never troubled with "glass" in mine. Cook in the usual way, turn into the bags and allow the liquid to drain into a common crock, let stand for 24 hours. The "glass" will be found adhering to the vessel.—NELL.

I would say to S. E. Welch if you will put your sugar in a stone jar or a common sugar pail, then take a piece of chalk and make a good heavy mark around, I think the ants will not bother you any more.—A READER.

Where can I obtain a journal that will give me information on portrait and landscape painting, and how much would it cost? Would like instructions for china painting.—A READER.

1. Send to *Art Interchange*, New York.

2. There is a magazine published now in New York, called *China Decorator*. Send to that.—ED.

For Bronchitis.—"Constant Reader."—Take one hour before each meal 1 teaspoonful of powdered charcoal and as much sugar, put in a few ounces of water in a cup on a silver five-cent piece; mix well with water before taking it. After taking it for three weeks I was entirely relieved. Twenty years have passed, and have had no return. Try it. It is a very simple remedy. No harm in it.

To Exterminate the Currant Worm.—As soon as you discover the first worms on your bushes, take 5 cents worth of hellebore, dissolve in a watering-pot of water, and sprinkle the bushes well. It is seldom necessary to sprinkle a second time. I have used this remedy for years and had the best of success. Will some one please give a recipe for making grape wine?—B. C. L.

To Exterminate Rats and Roaches:—For the ants try the sponge remedy given in the BLADE a few week ago, and for the roaches scatter fresh cucumber peel around where they frequent. I wish I could tell that lady how to fasten shirts as easily as I can iron them, but I guess that will be impossible. I would advise "RATSAS" to do housework. There is good demand, and it is not such hard work as teaching, as I know from experience.—MRS. MAMIE GORDON, Oak Harbor, O.

In answer to a question asked some time ago, would say that slate-colored diamond dye makes, with little trouble, a very good black.—ED.

"Meg Merriles." I had read your letters so carefully that I felt sure there was a mistake about the lacking "raisins and oranges," even before the correction was made.

"MRS. H. D. A." we saved our currant bushes and fruit by sprinkling the bushes every day with water, and immediately after, with ashes—unleached are the best—and road dust, mixed dry, and dusted over quite heavily; add lime, also, if convenient. If washed off, repeat process after rains. This has saved ours, under severe attack of the worms, two consecutive years.

Would like to hear from everybody all about cultivating of raising, and of opportunities for getting seed and plants of blueberries and ginseng, and of good markets for same when grown.—MARY ALTA WESCOTT, Wauseon, Green county, Wis.

Will some one send a cure for red canker sore mouth? I and baby have had it two years. It went clear through baby, and he suffered terribly with it, but is some better.—ESTELL P.

Your own system is out of order. Doubtless the trouble is with your stomach, and medicines will do no good without a radical change in your diet, and possibly in your whole mode of living.

You would do well to send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Health and Beauty," and follow its directions carefully. Meanwhile you may find it necessary to consult a good physician.—ED.

Recipes.

Baked Green Corn.—6 ears of corn, good size; 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, ¾ pt. of sweet cream, 1 dozen oyster crackers, pounded fine. Salt to taste. Mix together and bake 3 hours.

Parker-House Rolls.—Rub half a teaspoonful of butter and lard each into two quarts of sifted flour; into the middle pour 1 pt. of cold water in which add ½ a cupful of fresh yeast, 1 cupful of sugar and a little salt; mix, let stand to rise, work and let rise again; make the rolls, let set until very high; brush with cream and bake.

To Fry Egg Plant.—Cut into slices 1 in. thick and peel. Lay these in salted water an hour. Dip into beaten egg, then in bread or cracker crumbs, and fry a light brown in ½ lard and ½ butter.—DR. CALLIN'S RECIPE BOOK.

How to Cook Cauliflower.—Pick the head to pieces the same as for pickling, wash it in cold water, put in a sack or tie it up in a cloth to prevent it cooking to pieces, put it in boiling water sufficient to cover it and boil for 30 minutes. Take 1 qt. of sweet milk, butter the size of a hulled walnut, 1 tablespoonful sugar, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Let it come to a boil, take the cauliflower out of the cloth, put it into the seasoned milk and let it come to a boil once more, then it is ready to serve.

In cooking all kinds of vegetables I put in sugar. It gives them a finer flavor. Peas, green beans, turnips, corn, and cauliflower takes three times as much sugar as they do salt. Cabbage, beets and parsnips take twice as much. Always put the sugar in after the vegetables have commenced to cook.

Beans.—Take one quart dry beans, wash well to get all the dust off, put enough cold water on them to cover, with one small teaspoonful of soda. Let them cook for 30 minutes, then pour that water off and put on more cold water. Let them come to a boil, then put in meat drippings or lard and a little butter, as much as would be the size of a large duck egg, and let them cook till nearly done, then put in twice as much sugar as you do salt, salt and pepper to suit the taste and let them cook till done. Never cook beans in iron; cook in tin or granite ware.—M. C. R.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ALFRED CENTER, N. Y.	Sophie Hamilton	TEMPLE, ME.	Pearl Jenkins
P O Langworthy	Arthur Wilkins		E K Welch
Winnie Crandall	Florence Wilkins		Ada M Jenkins
Bertha L Gaworthy	Vinnie R Carter	FARMINGTON, ME.	
S W Mosher	Minnie R Carter		Chas S Bean
Sherman Burton	Winnie Carter		Orin G Newton
Richard Carter	Earl A Carter	FRYE, ME.	
Herbert Burdeen	Carrace C Carter		Eugene H Goff
H S Langworthy	Edna M Mosher		Geo B Reed
Roy Hough	Mabel M Wilkins		Josiah A Reed
Maggie Mosher	Geo C Wilkins		A V Braden
Frank Whitford	Anna M York		Ida M Braden
Willie Sheldon	Charlie Thomas		John S Reed
ELLINWOOD, KAN.	Enos E Flood	NO PLACE GIVEN.	
Silas Robe	Florence Ireland		Eva Grace Coburn
R W Shannon	Howard Wright		Aura E Viles
Bertha A Robe	Blanche Wilkins		Florence Coburn

Names this week, 46. Total, 20,454.

The above embraces all names received up to August 25.

HERO.

BY WILL CARLETON.

He was strong and trim, and a good-sized cur,
A giant of dogs; with soft, silk fur,
Poised head of an intellectual size,
And two straight, luminous hero-eyes.
A tail whose gestures were eloquence;
A bark with a germ of common sense.
And this dog looked, upon the whole,
As if he had gathered some crumbs of soul
That fell from the feast God spread for man—
Looked like a line of the human plan.
There went with his strong, well balanced stride,
A dignity oft to man denied.
God's humblest brutes, where'er we turn,
Are full of lessons for man to learn.
That night that he cronched by the yielding door,

And two grim, murderous thieves, or more,
Had bribed the locks with their picks of steel,
He fought with more than a henchman's zeal
For sleeping loved one's treasures and life—
He conquered rogue, and bullet, and knife.

* * * * * *

He saw distress with a quick, sure eye,
And heard the half-choked drowning cry.
A living life-boat, soon he bore
A half-drowned man to welcome shore.
And when the wife of the rescued one
Wept him her love for the great deed done,
And fondled him in a warm embrace,
He talked with his fondest, kind old face,
And said, "I have shown you nothing new;
It is what we live for and love to do.
In lake or river, or sea or bay,
My race are rescuers every day;
In the snowy gulfs mid hills above
My race brings life to the race we love."

* * * * * *

The soul of the humble brute has fled;
The grand old dog lies safely dead.
Oh, man-like brain and God-like heart!
You were made to carry a nobler part.
Sleep well, old friend! Your teeth of flame
Grew not from a soul of vice or shame.
To plant the world with germs that kill.
Not yours the conscious guilt that lies
In many who ravage earth, air, seas.
You did, old dog, the best you knew,
And that is better than most men do;
And if ever I get to the great, just place,
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.

WHY CHRIS DIDN'T TAKE THE PREMIUM.

Chris's mother was a silvery-gray hen, with a band of crimson around her throat and a crimson spot on her breast. She was very proud and high stepping, and how such a beautiful creature could choose the small log-cabin in which they lived. A kitchen stove for her! Her grandpa didn't know any more than the boy did. The stove was not used in the summer time, and stood under the shed with no place but the stove-pipe hole for Mrs. Hen to go in and out. But there she went, and laid seven such lovely eggs that she nearly cackled her head off for joy. The loveliest egg of all was white, very large, with one pointed end, and in this egg Chris lived for two long weeks. For a while, he didn't know but he was happy, till, one day, he began to feel very crowded and uneasy. He tried to stretch his legs and move his wings but there was no room. He didn't know what to do though he felt he could not bear that another moment; so he kept knocking with the hard tip of his sharp little beak until, by and by, something gave way, and out popped his head. He looked around, but all was dark and still; only a faint tap tap, tapping, from his five brothers and sisters. He didn't mind the dark, for he had never seen the light; so, after a short room, with a few kicks, he got, first one and then the other foot free, and cried "Peep! peep!" What a charming noise. It was the first he had ever made, and he was surprised at himself. Before night there were six chickens peeping and cuddling together in the stove. The seventh egg the mother hen looked at, and said: "Dear me!

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

D. O. D., Hoisington, Kan.: If the fistula in your horse is just forming, it must be protected from pressure and dressed with cooling lotions; but if it is evident to you that pus has formed, by the fluctuating feel of the abscess, open it by a free incision on the right side, and let the pus escape. Syringe the abscess with carbolic acid water (1 to 2) and dress with carbolic salve. In older cases, where fistula has already formed, and runs down the shoulder, the lowest pouch of the fistula that contains the pus must be found, which will be found either before or behind the shoulder. Make a free incision into it and syringe and dress the fistula as above.

At times a more active stimulus is required to force the fistula to take on healthy action. A seaton tape may then be passed through the fistula from end to end, and left there, or the following may be freely injected into every part of the fistula two or three times a week: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. At the same time give the animal this tonic: Citron of iron and ammonia, 6 drachms; powder it and divide into 12 powders. Give one of these two or three times a day on a mash or dissolved in the drinking water.

H. A. C., Russell county, Kansas: Your cow, we think, is suffering from bronchial affection. If she has fever, give her this: 2 ozs. acetate of ammonia; 20 drops tincture of aconite root, ½ a pint of water. Give as one dose, and repeat every two hours till the fever is broken. If there is no fever, give this: Gulaeum, 2 ozs.; sassafras root, 1 oz.; water, 1 quart. Boil to a pint, add ½ an ounce of liquorice stick. When dissolved, strain, and give in two doses, night and morning. Keep the cow well housed. The throat and breast should be well rubbed with mustard stirred up in boiling water. Also, rub back of the shoulders with mustard. Follow above treatment with this: Sulphate of iron, 2 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 1 dr.; powdered gentian, 1 oz. This amount daily in dry food, or as a drench. Give for a week, suspend it for a week, and then give for another week. The cow should have a bran mash daily while taking the last named. The cow should be curried and examined for lice. As to the letter regarding your horse's shoulder, we have not seen it.

M. L. Woodberry, Kansas: The apple-tree borer, which is injuring your trees, is one of the most injurious of insects. The eggs from which the worm is hetched, are laid by a beetle, about three fourths of an inch long, with three light brown and two creamy white stripes upon its wing covers. It flies in the night, laying its eggs upon the trunk of the tree, in crevices of the bark near the ground, in June and July. The eggs speedily hatch, and the worm remains for a long time just under the surface of the bark, and then eats its way through the wood or at times nearly girdles the tree. As many of the original insects should be destroyed as possible that lay the eggs. This is done by building fires in the orchard in the early evenings of June. The old bark should be scraped off in the spring for twelve inches above the ground and two inches under it. If there are borers in the tree, their holes will be seen. Run a needle or wire into these holes and destroy their occupants. Swab this portion of the stem with tar, or wash it with strong soapsuds. Burn the old bark scraped off. Put a peck of ashes around the stem of the tree in May, and keep it there until October, when it should be distributed under the tree.

A. H. DeH., Sheldon, Ill.: Henderson's Gardening for Profit says that the most suitable soil for watermelons is a rich, warm, deep sandy loom, having a southern or southwestern exposure. The latter is preferable, as it gets the last rays of the sun, and the soil is thus warmed up for the night, and being sheltered from eastern or northern winds, retains this warmth until the morning. This may make several days difference in the ripening of the crop. The manner of culture is: The soil is plowed in the fall or early in the spring, and is cross-plowed the first days of May, about twenty loads of manure per rod having been plowed under, in addition to the special harrowing for each hill. The ground is then well harrowed and burrowed out, six feet apart each way. A good shovelful of mixed fine manure * * * is used in each hill, being mixed with the soil for nine inches deep and twenty-four inches wide. Six or eight seeds are planted in each hill. The first planting is in May. Other plantings may be continued through June. The hill is raised two or three inches above the surface, and is made about two feet broad and quite flat. When the plants appear above the surface they require protection from cut worm, which would otherwise cut the stems and destroy them, and as the rough leaves appear, the weaker plants are trimmed out, and only them left. A good method of protecting the plants against the cut worms is to make a ring of thick paper, about a foot in diameter and three inches broad, and place this around them, so as to form an obstacle over which they cannot climb. The after cultivation consists of deep plowing at intervals—at least twice—and frequent cultivations until the vine begins to run, when the terminal buds are pinched off, to cause the growth of the lateral branches. The main vine produces chiefly male or barren flowers, and if this is left to run the laterals would not push out, and there would but little or no fruit. The laterals may be female or perfect flowers, and to encourage the growth of these is one of the secrets of melon culture.

Subscriber, Rock Co., Minnesota: We judge from your letter that your mare has a severe sprain of the back. Pass the thumb and finger along the spine and press down suddenly. If her back is sprained the sore spot will be indicated. If you find her back injured very badly, a veterinary should be at once called to determine whether the animal is likely to recover. The best thing you can do, will be to clip the hair off along the back, and rub this blister well in: Powdered cantharides, half an ounce; lard, two ounces. Mix thoroughly and apply once a day. Wash her once a day afterwards. Repeat it in two weeks if necessary. You must give the animal a long rest. We are afraid you have been giving her too much medicine.

D. C. S., Fremont, O.: Here is a good fireproof paint for roofs: Slack stone lime by putting it into a tub, to be covered, to keep in the steam. When slacked, pass the powder through a fine sieve, and to each six quarts of it add one quart of rock salt, and water, one gallon. Then boil and skim clean. To each five gallons of this, add pulverized alum, one pound; pulverized copperas, one half pound; and still slowly add powdered pot ash, three fourths of a pound. Then fine sand or hickory ashes, four pounds. Add any desired color. This is a durable paint; stops all small leaks, prevents moss, and makes it incombustible. Apply with a brush. This paint has a good appearance.

Farm Notes.

The driver is often to blame for foolishness in the horses.

Let your wife be the queen of your home, and make that home an earthly Eden.

Carrots often receive great injury from a few days' neglect in weeding, at this season.

A farmer in Kentucky keeps the worms off cabbage by sprinkling with two gallons of water mixed with one gallon of buttermilk.

The market grower is liable to make a great mistake who overlooks the neighboring home market, trusting to the large towns only.

Plants may be grown in comparatively small pots if watered occasionally with a weak solution of guano, hens' droppings or sulphate of ammonia.

A day in the woods, with every business care thrown to the winds, is quite as refreshing to the overworked mechanic or farmer as to the merchant or lawyer.

Sand is considered indispensible for covering cranberry bogs, and may yet prove quite as valuable for grass. It gives a warm surface soil for the roots to feed in.

Among the best meats for the farmer's table at this season are mutton and lamb, with fresh fruits and vegetables, with cream instead of better, when it can be had.

For cut flowers with short stalks and heavy heads, flat dishes filled with wet sand are among the best receptacles; blossoms partially withered will revive when placed in the moist silex.

Insects are sometimes friends as many kinds prey on those that damage crops. Before beginning extermination of them be sure you are not assisting others to survive that are more destructive.

Farm horses protected by thin blankets from flies in hot weather will keep in good condition much more easily than if exposed to the torment of innumerable bites during all the hours of the long hot days.

Hundreds of horses are in use on the streets daily, and the amount of manure dropped by them is very large. If the dirt were collected daily, or even three times a week, it would be a saving of the volatile matter.

We must first breed what the market demands. With this we have the advantage of having the purchaser come to us, while on the other hand, if no regard is had in respect to this, we will be obliged to hunt up the purchaser.

A new oil made from corn has been exhibited at Chicago as the latest thing in cereal product. It is claimed that it is equal to cotton seed oil for the kitchen and soap factory. The only kind of oil previously obtained from corn is called "fusil," which was an injurious incident of whisky manufacture.

There is never any more available nutriment in grass, or any other fodder plant, than when the seed is in the milk, or at furthest, in the dough. Up to this point comparatively but a small amount of woody and indigestible fiber has been formed, while beyond it there is no addition of material from growth.

Although wild mustard is most troublesome in spring grain, it is not then that the greatest danger exists in its spreading. In spring grain it is easily seen, and careful farmers will pull it out. But on land infested by this weed a few plants will always be found in wheat crops, and it is ripe and the seeds mostly scattered on the ground before the wheat is harvested.

Those having spots about the house so shady that grass will not grow may rely upon the hardy ferns for embellishing here. Wild ferns abound in all parts of the country in woods and waste places, and can usually be had for the digging. Even if one is obliged to depend upon the nurseries, there can be nothing serious in the case, for the best kinds are low-priced, and they ship and grow easily.

Do not spread gas lime directly on your land. It is destructive to plant life unless modified by atmospheric influences. It should first be worked into compost with old turf, wood mold, marl or muck. A mass of green vegetable matter, such as weeds, may be used with it as compost, and it should not be spread until the whole heap has been reduced to a fine condition.

CROPS AND WEATHER.

Corn Benefited by Rains—Effect of the Cool Wave.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Weather crop bulletin—The temperature has been unusually cold in the central valleys and lake region, and slightly colder in all the states on the Atlantic coast, except Florida and Southern Georgia. In the corn region the daily average temperature ranged from 6 to 12 degrees below the normal; in the cotton and tobacco regions from 3 to 5 degrees colder than usual. The daily average temperature for the season from January 1 to August 27 is less than 1 degree from the normal, except from the lower Mississippi valley westward to the Rocky mountains, where the average daily temperature was 2 degrees warmer, and in the vicinity of Lake Superiour, where it was from 2 to 4 degrees colder.

Rain fall has been in excess in the states on the Atlantic coast, on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains as far east as the Missouri valley and from Kansas eastward to Iowa. Generally throughout the tobacco regions in Kentucky and Tennesse and in the cotton region, the rain fall has been less than usual, but numerous showers have occurred. A large seasonal deficiency exceeding ten inches continues in the lower Mississippi valley and in the greater portions of Iowa and Illinois, although the deficiency has been slightly reduced by recent rains in Iowa and northern Illinois.

During the past month over 100 per cent of the usual amount of rain occurred in districts along the Atlantic coast, and in Nebraska, Colorado, Touther Minnesota, Northern Iowa, Northern Kansas, Northern Illinois, Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, while less than 50 per cent of the usual amount of rain has occurred in Southern Illinois, Southern Missouri, Arkansas, and in the extreme western portions of Kentucky and Tennessee. In a greater portion of the tobacco regions of Kentucky and Tennessee the rainfall has exceeded 75 per cent of the usual amount during the month.

General remarks—Reports indicate that the rains during the past and previous weeks have been timeless proved favorable to the growing crops in the corn regions, although in the principal corn producing states the yield of this crop will probably be materially reduced, owing to the drouth.

Reports from the cotton regions show that the harvesting of that crop is in progress, but that the yield has been slightly reduced, owing to a deficiency in the rainfall. The weather in the past week has been especially favorable for pasture and late planted potatoes in the middle Atlantic states and in the Northwest. Reports from New England indicate that the weather has been unfavorable to growing crops, especially tobacco and potatoes, owing to excess of rain.

Frosts occurred during the week as far south as Central Minnesota, but caused no material injury to the crops.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The *Farmers' Review* crop summary says that only the late planted corn has been materially benefited by the recent rains. The average yield of winter wheat in sixteen Illinois counties, is 16⅝ bushels; ten Wisconsin counties, 16 1-10 bushels; ten Indiana counties, 14 2-5 bushels; thirteen Michigan counties, 12 1-16 bushels; thirteen Ohio counties, 13 8-13 bushels; eleven Missouri counties, 20 3-11 bushels, and eleven Kansas counties, 13 7-11 bushels.

The average yield of spring wheat in 17 counties in Iowa is 11⅝ bushels; 7 counties in Minnesota, 10 1-7 bushels, and 9 Nebraska counties, 10 1-9 bushels.

The average yield of oats in 18 Illinois counties is 30 1-16 bushels; 10 Wisconsin counties, 31 4-5 bushels; 10 Indiana counties, 30 1-5 bushels; 13 Michigan counties, 27 7-11 bushels; 12 Ohio counties, 30⅓ bushels; 11 Missouri counties, 36 6-11 bushels; 12 Kansas counties, 29 1-3 bushels; 22 Iowa counties, 31 10-11 bushels; 7 Minnesota counties, 33 1-7 bushels, and 9 Nebraska counties, 29 2-9 bushels.

The average condition of the corn crop in 17 counties in Illinois is 54 7 per cent; 10 counties in Wisconsin, 73 per cent; 10 counties in Indiana, 54 per cent; 12 counties in Michigan, 59 per cent; 13 counties in Ohio 62.7 per cent; 9 counties in Missouri, 73 per cent; 9 counties in Kansas, 83.3 per cent; 22 counties in Iowa, 72.7 per cent; 9 counties in Minnesota, 79 per cent, and 10 counties in Nebraska, 64 per cent. Pastures are doing well.

THE CATHOLIC TROUBLE.

The Report that America is Being Germanized Has Stirred Up Much Comment.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 26.—[Special wire.]—The Illinois *Staats Zeitung*, in urging attendance upon the German Catholic convention at Chicago, recently attacked the *Catholic Advocate*, of Louisville, for likening the German language to "grunts of swine," and for an alleged attempt to drive out the German tongues. Editor Henderson said of this to-day:

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, in an article published in the *North American Review* for August, bitterly inveighed against the Catholic church, charging it with Germanizing vast territories in America and isolating the people in speech and customs from their fellow citizens.

The *Advocate* denied that the church had taken any such stand, but on the contrary said the Sacred college at Rome had rejected the petitions of German Germans—cleric and lay—who sought to have a recognition of their speech and custom specially provided for by the church.

The *Advocate* said that English is the most perfect speech that has given to man, and is and should be our national speech of America. It said the English speaking people for 200 years past wished the German great wit and fewer consonants.

One of European nations asserted that the utterance of German resembled the sound of pigs speaking civilized tongues with a bad accent.

The advocates of this form of speech want now to establish the German mania in America. Inoculated by a side wind to gain the assistance of the Catholic church to stamp out English.

This language the German immigrants desire to perpetuate in America with Catholic and Protestant equally desire to maintain it in our midst and oust the language of the nation.

The Catholic church has given a set-back to this monstrous assumption.

It will provide German pastors where it can for flocks that exclusively speak that language, and it will provide pastors who are familiar with the German tongue for parishes where the knowledge of the parishoners of English is of limited extent. The church will do no more. It will not assign special parochial bounds and specific territory for Germen speaking people in America.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—The *Times* says:

The managers of the coming national convention of German Catholics have stolen a march on their Irish fellow citizens. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, is generally looked upon as one of the chief representatives of the Irish element. It was necessary for the success of the convention to either get his sanction and thereby disarm Irish opposition, or to place him in the position of openly showing his colors.

He chose the latter course. He was invited to open the convention by preaching the sermon and celebrating pontifical high mass Sunday morning, September 4, at St. Michael's church. He knew of the matter for three months. Yet when the committee inquired if he would officiate, he replied that he could not do so, as he would be unavoidably absent.

The reply is looked upon by the German Catholics as an open challenge, as none of them believes but what the archbishop could have made arrangements to be present if he had so desired, having known of the matter three months in advance. Two German prelates have been selected to perform the services to which the archbishop had been invited.

Applications have been received at the Treasury department for the prepayment of interest on registered bonds amounting to $2,057,600, making the total to date $81,817,100.

DR. TALMAGE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A Queen Perched on a Throne Far Above the Ballot-Box and Politics—Her Realm the Home and Her Influence Almost as Wide as Eternity.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 28.—"Woman's Opportunity" was the subject of discourse by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., today; and his text: "So God created man in his own image, the image of God created he him; male and female created he him." Genesis i: 27. Following is the sermon in full:

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever frame the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or depth of a woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians can set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

There are women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes—making social thoroughfares; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have such women society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated, but are by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber, and ivory, and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the heaven, tipping up the flowery paths, and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome home!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here," and while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Edens on either side were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

TH STATE OF TRADE.

Prices Tend to Advance While Failures are not Numerous.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly report of trade, say: The tendency of prices during the past week has been upward for most products, and the state of business is rather better, but there is still much hesitation and irregularity.

The money market for speculative uses is made easier by gold imports and the Treasury purchases of bonds, but much mercantile paper is discounted with difficulty. Some considerable failures cause uneasiness. The failure to reach a settlement of the Rosenfield case at Chicago troubles some creditors. The delay in setting the wheat deal at San Francisco and the fall in wheat of 5 cents per cental in a day make some disturbance.

The lives entanglement the failure of the stock firm for $1,500,000, and the receivership for Mitchell, Vance & Co., do not increase confidence. The volume of legitimate business is large, but not equally distributed, and in important branches there is a shrinkage.

Wheat has been going abroad largely—8 822,340 bushels in three weeks, against 7,321,107 last year—but mainly on the purchases of one or two months ago, and the export demand has been so checked by improved foreign crop reports that even only 1¾d. for freight to Liverpool fails to produce activity. Prices are about where they were a week ago. The yield in the spring wheat states appears to be excellent. The rains came too late to save much of the damaged corn, but have nevertheless done great good.

Cotton is strengthened by extravagant reports of injury to the crop. Oil has risen 2⅝c. Pork is a shade higher though the market is dull. Sugar has been advanced. Foreign merner in beet sugar has been the cause. Beef is dearer, with no change in hogs. Copper advances with sales of 1,000,000 pounds a day, on account of the fire in the Calumet and Hecla mine.

The wool trade is hesitating; at Chicago wool is called "the deadest thing above ground," and at Boston Ohio XX is offered by Philadelphia dealers at 32½c. The "boom" in June on reports of short yields causes sales throughout the growing regions at advancing prices, but manufacturers report no profits, and are chary in their purchases and prices are now 2 to 3c below the June level.

In the woolen goods trade there is no improvement, while cotton goods are largely distributed at firm prices. The leather market is quiet, but rather firmer. Boot and shoe manufacturers report better orders, with less decrease than was expected from the drouth-damaged regions. Imported silks are offered at prices unprecedently low.

The iron business is in uncertain shape. Competition of southern pig is felt and stocks are accumulating rapidly, while large imports continue. Manufactured iron also appears to accumulate. Western competition is felt by eastern mills. Another small sale of foreign rails is reported. Seme makers are taking 36 for winter delivery.

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, number for the United States 153 and Canada 32.

Eight of the Bald Knobbers have pleaded guilty to whipping a man. All but one of them were remanded for sentence. The one sentenced was given a fine of $3 and costs. The cases of seventeen of the Bald Knobbers, charged with the murder of Green and the Edens, will begin Friday.

News of the Week.

THE DRESSED BEEF RING.

An Interesting Subject for the Thousands of Consumers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—The *Tribune* this morning has a long article on the dressed beef ring, and how it is profiting by the low price of cattle. It says it is assumed in many quarters that a beef famine is not far away. Estimates as to the destruction of cattle in the Northwest last winter are that in Montana there were about 400,000 head, in Idaho about 100,000, in Wyoming about 300,000, in Colorado about 50,000 or 850,000 in all.

During the summer, on account of the excessive drouth, it is estimated that the losses in the beef-producing states, such as Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, and in New Mexico, Texas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota swell the total to 1,500,000 head of beeves. Many, however, assert that these figures are far too high. But this is not the main fact which indicates a future famine. It is now known that from 50 to 75 per cent. less of calves were born this spring than is usual, owing to climatic causes, which must have its effect in time.

To this must be added the fact that cattle producers have been pushing their surviving stock on the market at an unparalleled rate, and that from these and other causes many ranchmen are discouraged and are going out of business. Those who are opposed to this view argue that there are still 28,000,000 beeves and 13,000,000 milch cows in the country. The bulk of these, however, enter into local consumption and use.

A great uneasiness, such as never before characterized the cattle business, is manifest in business circles. The producer finds not a dollar of profit, and more often heavy losses charged against his account.

The market price has been low on account of the glut, for in Chicago alone over 200,000 head of cattle have been thrust on the market during the last 30 days. In order to get information on the cattle question fully 100 authorities have been consulted, covering the entire productive area and the views of these men, together with the facts obtained, are brought together.

Only the commission man, with his hands full of business, seems happy. The producer is pessimistic. The stock yards were never in a state of greater activity. The receipts in a single day have been 13,500 head of cattle, the largest known. Ranchers from all parts of the country abound, and each one has a different story to tell.

The yards are overflowing with stock.

Money is in great demand, and prices are regulated according to the necessity for cash of the producer.

While some beeves are in fine condition, the generality are thin and thirst-starved stock.

One thing that impresses the consumer is that he gets beef no cheaper because the producer sells it for so little.

Who is it gets the big sum in beeween the price paid by the producer and the consumer?

It is hinted by ranchmen that it is a dressed beef monopoly. Inter-state commerce laws have no terrors for these dressed beef men.

The low price of beef is their opportunity. If they fail to keep beef down they will quickly purchase all that is offered for future delivery. These monopolists lash both sides the producer and the consumer alike. On every bullock they kill $15 profit of $10 for the dressed beef monopoly and either a loss or an even thing for the producer. The consumer pays monopoly the extra $10 profit.

OIL ON THE WATER.

A Successful Experiment by a Heavily Laden Iron Ore Ship.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—[Special wire.]—The British steamship Luna arrived at this port yesterday from Rio Marina after a passage of nineteen days. The vessel was loaded with 2,100 tons of iron ore and toward the end of the voyage had a memorable experience. A terrific storm was encountered, and had it not been for the use of oil the vessel might now be at the bottom of the ocean. In speaking of his experience to the New York *Herald* correspondent yesterday Captain Robert Campbell said:

"On the 17th inst., in latitude 38 deg., 20 min., longitude 65 deg., we encountered a heavy gale from the northwest, or about two points of. The squalls were violent, and the heavy cross seas swept over us fore and aft. We had to go out of our coure and run before the wind.

"About an hour after the storm broke I decided to try oil. I stuffed some oakum in the bottom of a hopper, and then poured in about a gallon of lubricating oil. The oil ran through the oakum into the sea, but did not do much good. Then I tried ordinary engine oil, but that did not do much better. Finally, I mixed colza and linseed oils together, and before we let out a gallon of it we were slipping along at a rate of seven knots an hour. The moment the oil began to work the sea went down as if by magic. The waves flattened out, and the white foam disappeared. Before the oil was used we shipped a great deal of water. Then we turned and proceeded on our course without further interruption.

"Oil for high seas is the greatest thing ever adopted for navigation. Every winter I rig a boom across the forecastle, and every time there is a storm or bad weather I hang out two bags of oil, and the vessel is all right. Two gallons of oil are used in this way, which will keep off trouble."

Yacht racers and cruisers are taking a great interest in this matter and it is probable that before the great fleet starts another annual cruise all the craft will be supplied with an appliance whereby they can not only add to the safety of the crew but also to their comfort.

Captain Campbell claims that had the Dauntless been supplied with oil she would not have had to heave to, and would have undoubtedly beaten the Coronet in the great race across the Atlantic a few months ago.

THE FOUR-AND-A-HALFS.

The Third Lot of Proposals Opened by Secretary Fairchild.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Secretary Fairchild to-day opened the third lot of proposals for the sale of 4½ per cent. bonds, under the terms of the recent treasury circular. The total amount offered was $7,148,900.

The First National bank of New York offered $1,450,000 at $109.98.

J. Reynal, of New York, $100,000, at $1.09⅝.

The Boston Marine Insurance company, $100,000, at $1.09.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., $200,000 at $1.0888; $200,000 at $1.0724; $200,000 at $1.0748, and $200,000 at $1.08.

The Provident Institution for Savings, of Boston, $300,000 at $1.09.

The New Beford Institution for Savings, $150,000 at $1.09.

Foote & French, of Boston, $20,000 registered at $1.09⅜; $10,000, coupons, at $1.09⅜.

May E. Lathrop, of Hawkinsville, Ga., $4,000 at $1.09⅜.

Samcel Baillie, of Philadelphia, $9,000 coupon, at $1.09 net.

A. S. Pratt & Son, of Washington, D. C., $12,500 at $1.03⅛.

Mrs. Cora E. Harriman, of Windsor, Conn., $500 at $1.09.

Benj. H. Field, of New York, $20,000 at $1.08⅜; $40,000 at $1.03⅛; $100,000 at $1.09.

George W. Phelps, Mt. Morris, N. Y., $5,000 at $1.10.

Lockwood & Crossman, of New York, $25,000, coupon, at $1.09.

N. T. Hagner, of Washington $2,900 at $1.09 (or at any lower rate at which the department may accept bonds to-day.)

Harvey Fisk & Sons, of New York, $2,000,000 at $1.10; $200,000 at $1.99⅝; $300,000 at $1.0; $200,000 coupon at $1.08 11-16; $100,000 coupon at $108 11-16; $200,000 at 1.08 11-16, and $1,000,000 at $1.08 11-16.

The bonds mentioned above and not otherwise specified are registered.

The total amount of the bonds offered is $7,148,900, of which $6,804,900 are registered and $344,000 are coupons.

THE "WORLD" TO GROVER.

Some Ablebodied Advice to "His Majesty, Myself."

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—[Special wire.]—The *World* this morning says: "The President, nearly a week after his dispatch was sent to the Pacific railway commission, has furnished a copy of it to the press. In it he said to Gov. Pattison:

Upon your statement that, in your judgment, counsel should be employed, I authorize and approve such employment.

If this had been given to the public at the time, there would have been no misunderstand of the President's action.

When, however, Mr. Cleveland attributes that misunderstanding to the "misrepsentation of opposition newspapers," he seeks to correct a mistake with an injustice.

* * * * * If the President would take the public into his confidence more frankly and display openly a little earnestness in the prosecution of corruptionists and the breaking up rings he would have less occasion to complain of being misrepresented.

Pittsburg stove molders have as yet made no demand for an increase in wages, but manufacturers are expecting some sort of a move soon. The latter, at a meeting held not long since, decided that no demand for an increase in wages would be considered. It is said that Pittsburg members of the union are not unanimously in favor of a strike.

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Instructive articles on "How to Appear Well in Society." "How to Talk Well and Improve your Grammar."

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"How Women Can Make Money." By ELLA ROBMAN CHURCH.

"Talks with Mothers." By eminent physicians.

ADDRESS

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

HE FOOLED THEM.

Bill Langley Is Not Dead but a Leading Citizen in Nicaragua.

FORT WORTH, Texas, Aug. 24.—[Special wire.]—Campbell Langley, the father of the once notorious and not yet forgotten Bill Langley, removed to Bell county Texas, from near Lexington, Lee county, Texas, 12 years ago. During his residence in Lee and Bell counties he has been known as a well-to-do farmer and an upright citizen. Campbell Langley to-day tells a story to some of the leading citizens of Bell county, which, but for his well known Christian character, would be put down as the wildest fiction.

He says that his son, Bill Langley, who was publicly hanged twelve years ago in Giddings, Lee county, by Sheriff Jim Brown, in the presence of several thousand people, was not hurt at all, but was allowed to escape. The father says that when the Supreme court and the governor refused to interfere in Bill's behalf, a rich uncle in California came to the rescue with $4,000 with which he so worked upon the sympathy of the sheriff charged with the execution of the sentence that the friends of Bill were permitted to arrange things so that when the drop fell the weight of the body fell upon an iron hoop, supported by an appropriate body harness in such a manner that he escaped physically unhurt.

When he had drawn his legs up and down two or three times the attending physicians pronounced him dead and he was turned over to his friends for interment.

The coffin, which was actually buried, contained nothing but stones. While the last sad rites were being pronounced Bill Langley was well on his way out of the country. He has been living since his supposed execution in Nicaragua, where he is a leading citizen, and one of the largest land owners and cattle herders in Central America.

Those who know Campbell Langley do not hesitate to believe the story, which he now makes public only because Sheriff Brown, who officiated at the supposed execution, died in Lee county last week.

THE WOOL CORNER.

Speculators Loaded up With a lot of Stuff They Cannot Sell.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Wool is dull; and to say that is to say that wool is the deadest thing extant above ground. The month of June, which is distinguished for the funeral of several speculative deals, gave birth to a very lively and characteristic boom in wool. Boston dealers had made up their minds not to let the bold Chicago buyers get the best of them, and when Chicago buyers reported their intentions of buying, and ordering, had their agents early in the country offering farmers from one to three cents more for their fleeces than was warranted by the market prices then prevailing.

Wool growers were delighted with the situation.

There was a shout that wool was too low. Bidders were produced showing a shortage in the domestic clip of from 10 to 20 per cent., on account of a severe winter in the territories and drouth in other sections.

The Australian and European clips were also reported short, and manufacturers were known to be but lightly stocked.

The statistical situation seemed in favor of higher prices, and the honest farmer, who hadn't kept track of statistics, allowed his clip to slip through his hands at several cents per pound advance on the expected price.

For three or four weeks everybody that had a dollar to invest went wool gathering. Local speculators, the most of them merchants with accounts against farmers, quickly heard of the bright outlook for wool, and contracted for every fleece, whether sheared or still on the sheeps' back, that could be found in the neighborhoods.

Thus this year's clip passed in a few weeks from hand to hand in the trade as first hands. Eastern and Chicago and St. Louis dealers had bought liberally, but the great bulk of the clip was captured by local buyers, and in their hands it still rests.

Meantime in the wool markets proper, the places where manufacturers buy their raw material, there were no developments. Manufacturers did not seem to want wool at any price. Furthermore, the course of London prices did not indicate any fear of a shortage in the Old World's production of wool.

Under these circumstances nothing but stubbornness could keep prices up. Early in July manufacturers bought a little, and, in order to catch their orders, dealers made concessions, and prices began to sag. For six weeks there has been no change in the situation, except that prices have been weakening steadily, and are now from two to three cents per pound lower than in June.

Manufacturers are buying but small amounts, claiming that there is no chance for profit in the woolen goods market. The bulk of this year's clip is in the country, and the holders decline to part with an ounce of it at the reduced prices, preferring to hold it indefinitely rather than take a loss of 7 to 10 per cent. As country banks are willing lenders on wool as collateral, the holders are in a strong position and consequently things are at a stand still. The receipts at this point for the first seven months of 1887 have been less than 17,000,000 pounds, a decrease of over 10,000,000 pounds, compared with last year's receipts.

There is a falling off receipts at eastern points, but not so great proportionately as here, eastern dealers having bought more heavily, and, it is said, more rashly in June than the Chicago men.

The wool interests of Chicago, notwithstanding this year's light receipts, have not suffered in comparison with other wool centres. Chicago dealers undoubtedly hold some of the high-priced wool, but not enough to keep them from chuckling when they think how the honest farmer has profited at the expense of the rash and greedy Bostonians.

AFTER THE TEA STORES.

Crockery Dealers Claim They Are Ruining Their Business By Giving Presents With Their Sales.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—[Special wire.]—The crockery dealers propose to make it hot for the tea men who persist in giving away or selling crockery below cost. A meeting at the Cosmopolitan Hotel was attended yesterday by fourteen crockery dealers representing New York and Brooklyn, Adolph Meyenberg, the temporary chairman, said he had been urged by many of the dealers to call the members of the trade together to devise means for protection against the encroachments of the tea men, who are taking business away from legitimate dealers.

When this tea business began ten years ago, he said, the crockery dealers met to find out what kind of a thing it was. Officers were elected, the dealers met three or four times, and then abandoned their organization. Since then the tea dealers had built up an enormous trade, which was ruining the legitimate crockery business. Many legitimate dealers had been driven out of it, and the rest hung like drowning men to straws, hoping for a reaction.

The Grocers' union succeeded in getting a baking powder company to take a determined stand against the tea dealers. The latter had carried on an illegitimate business, violating the Penal code, and some of them had been arrested and were under bail.

The Court of Appeals would sustain the constitutionality of the law, and if the crockery men did not take a stand they had better go out of the business. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

INDIAN INVESTIGATION.

Senator Dawes on Hand—The Party to Start Thursday.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Secretary Fairchild is taking a vacation.

A slight earthquake tremor has been felt at Augusta, Ga., followed by a distinct shock.

The San Francisco wheat deal has gone under, and many thousands of dollars have been lost by those who tried to bolster it up.

Mr. Kappel, corresponding editor of the *American Banker*, is in Pittsburg, arranging for a convention of the Bankers' association in October.

Gov. Washington Bartlett, of California, has been stricken by paralysis and there is little hope of his recovery. The governor is aware of the critical condition.

Mrs. Sarah Jackson, wife of Andrew Jackson, jr., mistress of the White House during President Jackson's second term, has died at "The Hermitage," Nashville, aged 81.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of City Temple, London, for years a bosom friend of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and who entertained that gentleman and his wife when they visited Europe last summer, has arrived in New York.

Notwithstanding the large pension payments this month amounting to $16,500,000, the receipts for the month to date are more than $7,500,000 in excess of the total expenditures during the same period. The receipts have averaged over a million dollars a day, and amount to $33,814,454.

The acting secretary of the Treasury has accepted an offer from the surviving sureties of Alex. H. Adams, deceased pension agent at Lexington, Ky., to pay $5,000 in compromise of the government's claim against them for $10,711. Most of the sureties on Adams's bond are dead, and the survivors are not financially able to meet the full amount of the claim.

Cal Tolliver, the lad who was spared by the Logans during the massacre, has been fired on from ambush. Several of Logan's followers, who have been indicted for supposed participation in the massacre, are hiding in the mountains, heavily armed and cannot be arrested. They will fight to the bitter end when the court adjourns and it is expected the fighting will begin then.

Hon. George Lothrop, United States minister to Russia, is on his way to the United States, and on arrival here will tender his resignation. The State department has received no official intimation on the part of Mr. Lothrop to resign, but some of his acquaintances believe the rumor. The climate of St. Petersburg is a trying one, and it is said that in private correspondence the minister recently expressed a disinclination to remain longer in exile.

The Washington county, Texas, election cases, where a large number of citizens were charged with intimidation, destroying ballot-boxes, and other illegal acts, which have been on trial in the district court for several days, were brought to a close last night, the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty on the second count, charging destruction of ballot-boxes, disagreeing as to the count charging conspiracy and interference with officers.

A number of Pittsburg's wealthiest oil operators, refiners, capitalists, allied with wealthy New Yorkers, who are now laying a pipe line from Washington to Pittsburg under an old charter, have received a legal notice that they will apply for a new and more extended charter. The name of the organization will be the Western Atlantic Pipe Lines. It is claimed that it will be a formidable opponent to the United Pipe Line, or Standard Oil company.

The New York *Post* publishes the following: It is now known that about $1,500,000 of gold was shipped from New York to San Francisco last week. But for this exceptional movement the surplus reserve of the banks would have shown an increase of over $2,000,000. The amount of gold which has gone to San Francisco, however, is more than offset by the arrival of $2,249,184 on the Umbria and La Gascogne, thus making the total imports since July 23, $5,232,079.

The last report of the bureau of Statistics shows that in twelve months, to July 31, the net imports of gold were $35,491,449, so that after deducting $600,000 coined in November and December 1886 and 31st of July), we have a net total of $40,000,000 of gold imported in the last thirteen months. Besides this is the annual product of about $50,000,000 gold in the United States, making the total addition of $70,000,000 to the circulating medium of the country in about one year.

The American ship Ropes, 4,200 tons burden, the largest ship that ever sailed into Puget Sound, has arrived in that port after 29 days from Yokohama, with 3,771 tons of tea and other merchandise for Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia merchants. The ship Alexander Gibson is due in a few days from the same port. The arrival of the Ropes is the beginning of direct trade between Yokohama and this port. The cargo goes eastward in 180 cars of the Northern Pacific railway. The value of the cargo of the ship Ropes is $1,500,000.

Judge Barr has rendered a decision in the United States court of great importance to benevolent societies. J. J. Albert, a Louisville barber, joined the order of Chosen Friends, and obtained a $3,000 insurance certificate. Afterward he had locomotor ataxy and had to quit work as a barber. He put in a claim for $3,000, and was refused on the ground that the disability was not of the nature to entitle him to the money. Albert brought suit in the Federal court, and Judge Barr decided that the person must be totally disabled from gaining a livelihood in any ordinary way before he could be entitled to the insurance.

A MEXICAN PRINCE.

He Tells of Politics and Why the Cocktails Knocked Out Sedgwick.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—The young Prince d' Yturbide, who was named by Emperor Maximillian as his successor to the throne of Mexico, is at the Fifth avenue hotel. He is a handsome and athletic young man of 23 or 24 years, with soft brown whiskers, blue eyes and bronzed face. He spends most of his time in Mexico and counts the City of Mexico as his home.

When asked if he anticipated raising the imperial standard in that country, he replied that he did not think the times right for imperialism there, but that if the people would have declared for the dynasty of Maximillian I he would succeed to the throne. The young prince has become identified with Mexican enterprises, including railroading and mining. He said:

There is considerable difference between the local results in railroad building in this country and in Mexico. Whenever a railroad is built in the United States, towns spring up as if by magic, and the local enterprise is stimulated and prosperity ensues. In Mexico there is a notable absence of this local prosperity along the line of railroads.

What about Mexican politics?

There are two parties in the country, the Liberals and the Conservatives, who represent pretty well the two political parties of the republic. The Liberals are in possession of the government. I am myself a Conservative, and believe with my party that if we had control of the government, the present disposition to plunder the state would be soon checked. The great ambition of President Diaz is to perpetuate his lease of office and power. He is the Cæsar of the Republic.

Gen. Gonzales is the only man who can make any headway against him. He does not seem disposed to be again a candidate against Diaz. The Liberal party is rapacious and greedy to such an extent that many divisions have already occurred among its leaders which cannot be healed and will eventually cause it to fall to pieces.

The country is far from prosperous because of the fact that it is subject to revolution at almost any moment. Capitalists are afraid to branch out in any enterprise that would develope the country. The very fact that foreign capital has come into Mexico while citizens stand back show a an unhealthy state of affairs.

It is a mistake to believe that the Conservative party of Mexico is antagonistic to the United States. A few members of the party have said hard things about this country, and the party has been judged by their utterances. The clericals are by no means all of the Conservative party, and outside of the clericals there is very good feeling toward your country.

The prince spoke at meeting Mr. Sedgwick in the City of Mexico. He was with him at the famous ball. He remarked that Mr. Sedgwick's troubles in Mexico arose from lack of knowledge that three cocktails in that city at an altitude of 7,300 feet above the level of the sea are equivalent to five cocktails in the city of New York. Prince Yturbide will go to Newport to-morrow or next day, and from thence to Mount Desert.

TO OPEN UP THE LANDS.

A Letter From the Secretary of the Interior.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—In order to give effect to the recent decision of the secretary of the interior in the matter of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad company indemnity lands, a letter has been addressed by acting Land Commissioner Stockslager to the register and receiver at Prescott, Ariz., ordering him to restore to the public domain and open to settlement, under the general land laws, all lands in their district, heretofore withdrawn for indemnity purposes, under the grant of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad company, by act of July 27, 1866, except such lands as may be covered by approved selections, i. e., approved by the commissioner of the general land office and the secretary of the interior. As to the lands covered by unapproved selections, applications to make filings and entries thereon may be received, noted and held subject to the claim of the company, of which the applicant must be distinctly informed.

ILLINOIS CROPS.

State Officers Report Crops Very Badly Damaged by Insects.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—The secretary of the state board of agriculture is in receipt of a very discouraging report from Prof. Forbes, the state entomologist in reference to the very general distribution of chinch bugs throughout the state. The professor has made a very thorough investigation concerning the location and extent of the presence of this pest, and his conclusions are briefly summed up as follows:

It is very destructive in 30 counties, occurs in large numbers in 16 others, in moderate numbers in 17, and in small numbers not especially injurious but sufficient to threaten harm another year in 25, while from 13 counties it is reported as practically absent.

As the weather conditions throughout the greater part of the state have thus far been peculiarly favorable to its multiplication, people will be able to estimate the gravity of the danger threatened the agriculture of the state.

A CARD FROM SHERMAN.

He Denies That He Stated the Dominion Government Was Justified in Making Seizures of American Boats.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 30.—The *Commercial-Gazette* prints the following card to-day:

MANSFIELD, O., Aug. 27, 1887.

To the Editor of the Commercial-Gazette:

On my return home my attention is called to a published telegram from Winnipeg, Manitoba, giving views alleged to have been expressed by me on the fisheries question to Senator Ogilvie, of the Dominion government, which I am told has been extensively reprinted in the United States during my absence, in which it is alleged that I justified "the action of the Dominion government upon the fisheries question as perfectly within their rights, and extremely moderate."

I wish most emphatically to deny any such interview or as having expressed to any one any such opinion. I had a conversation with Senator Ogilvie in the presence of a number of gentlemen, in which I took the exactly opposite position; that while the Canadian government had legislated for Canadian fishermen within the three mile limit of their shore, it was an act of bad policy to do so, and that their denial to American fishermen to the commercial rights to seek shelter and buy bait and supplies in Canadian ports was inconsistent with the civilized and generous policy of modern commercial nations, and that I hoped it would be promptly abandoned, as the best preparation for more intimate commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion government.

These views, in substance, were published in the papers at Winnipeg, and I feel quite sure that Senator Ogilvie would not have authorized the publication of the statement I have quoted.

I would not consider this of sufficient importance to call for a denial but for the fact that it is a subject of delicate negotiation between the two countries, and such an utterance would not only be contrary to my well known opinions, but in extremely bad taste. Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

SWINTON AND GEORGE.

The Socialists Will Fight the Candidates of the Syracuse Convention.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—It can be positively said that the Socialists will nominate a state ticket at their conference to be held in Webster hall, Sunday next, and that John Swinton will be nominated in opposition to Henry George for secretary of state. If Swinton accepts the nomination, and it is claimed that he has already expressed his willingness to do so, this will be the liveliest campaign that this city has seen for years.

Swinton has many grievances to lay to the door of George, and those who are in his confidence are of the opinion that nothing would please him better than to seek satisfaction for his wrongs. It was George's *Standard* that caused the suspension of John Swinton's paper. The paper issued its final number last week. Swinton lost $40,000 in the enterprise. One of the socialist leaders said last night:

It has not been definitely settled yet whether we shall make our fight through John Swinton against George alone or select candidates for the remaining places on the state ticket. We have no personal feeling against the other nominees on the United Labor ticket. I hold that we would stand a better show by fighting George individually, but many of my associates are of a contrary opinion.

Before the beginning of the meeting of the American Socialists at No. 16 Clinton Place last night there was a lively discusion over the coming nomination of Swinton for Secretary of State. Many women are members of the club, among them Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, mother of Lillian Russell, the actress. One of the women with a proud smile told the reporter last night that Lillian herself would join the Socialists and retire from the stage.

PORKERS FOR JOSS.

A Chinese Custom Which Makes the New York Butchers Happy.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—There is a butcher in Fulton Market who has more cause to be greatful to Joss, the Chinese God, than any other Caucasian in the city of New York. He furnishes all the pigs for the sacrificial purposes of the 10,000 worshippers of Joss in this city, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Sometimes he sells as many as 30 pigs a day on a single order, and they are animals.

They are generally young fellows, weighing from 100 to 150 pounds apiece before they are dressed. The Chinamen are particular in making their purchases, as they are afraid to palm off a bad hog on the great Joss. In order to have the porkers fresh and wholesome they prefer to buy live animals. The pigs are examined carefully from snout to tail. They must have regular features, be well proportioned and without a particle of blemish of any kind.

"The pig killed, the slit at the neck mustn't be crosswise nor longer than three inches." Properly cleansed the entire carcass is soaked in aromatic spices for at least an hour. Then the dresser, who is generally an expert caterer, proceeds to prepare it for roasting. The legs are so bent that they assume a kneeling posture when placed before Joss. The mouth is pried open and a ball of dough covered red is inserted between the teeth to make it resemble a dragon trying to swallow a ball of fire.

The eyes are carefully closed and the lashes are straightened out, the ears are spread and the tail well curled up toward the back. Then a stout iron bar is thrust midway in the pig, and in that manner it is carried into a great pit resembling a beer brewing pan, but constructed with bricks. It is held fast there by big iron hooks fastened upon horizontal iron bars, both ends of the bars resting upon the edges of the pit. Then the top of the pit or oven is securely fastened down with a stone slab.

On one side of the oven, close to the ground, is an opening through which to feed the fire, where either wood or coal can be used.

The oven or bin is so construced with compartments that the space in which the pig is shut up, only receives heat from the fire below, while another compartment carries off the flame and the smoke. In this manner a pig that weighs 150 pounds or more is roasted to a beautiful brown in less than an hour. When the fire dies out the meat is allowed to remain cooking for about twenty minutes longer.

Then it is taken out and painted light red and otherwise fantastically decorated to make Joss happy. The offerings for sacrificial offerings are never roasted, but boiled until about three-fourths done. Only the feathers and entrails are removed, the legs are bent into the kneeling posture, while the head is lifted high up in the air, with mouth open and eyes closed.

LAND EXCITEMENT.

Southern Missouri Filled With Squatters —A Railroad Forfeit.

CAIRO, Ill., Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Southwestern Missouri is in a frenzy of excitement over the railroad land question which lately has developed some most remarkable features. Many years ago, a man named Miller, living in Bloodgett, Mo., purchased a large plat of land from the Missouri railroad, which he occupied without molestation for a long period. For some reason, not known to the public, the railroad people endeavored in various ways to rid themselves of Miller, finally issuing an order of ejection.

Miller at last was induced to write President Hoxie, personally explaining fully the circumstances by which he came into possession of the property. An answer was received in due time advising Miller to retain possession of the lands at all hazards, stating further that by reason of the failure of the railroad company to keep certain contracts to which government they had forfeited all right and title to them, and that the entire tracts in possession of the railroad company were subject to registration and occupation by bona fide settlers, the same as any other government lands.

The news spread like a prairie fire, and it is said that settlers are rushing into Southwestern Missouri and squatting on the finest lands in the state. There are thousands of acres of land under this statement of the case which will be taken possession of by the immigrants.

DANIEL MANNING

Back to New York But Still Shows No Sign of Physical Improvement.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—Ex-Secretary Manning and his family came up from Long Beach yesterday and are at the Fifth avenue hotel. The secretary will remain here for a few days. His health has been somewhat improved by his stay at the beach, but he has not recovered complete control of his paralyzed side.

He is still an ill man and none of his friends any longer expect him to recover his old time vigor. The remarkable thing is that he retains his vigor of mind with exceptional strength and tenacity.

Murdered by a Neighbor.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 27.—Yesterday afternoon while on his way home from Brinkley, Ark., G. M. D. Shelton had a difficulty with S. P. Forbs whom he met on the road. In the melee the latter got his throat cut from which he died in a few minutes. Shelton has some knife wounds, but they are not dangerous. Both men were prominent citizens and near neighbors. Shelton has surrendered.

Trying the Bald-Knobbers.

OZARK, Mo., Aug. 30.—Gilbert Applegate, one of the Bald-Knobbers indicted for the murder or Wm. Edens, was arraigned in court and the remainder of the day was consumed in an effort to obtain a jury, which was not successful. The effort will be continued.

OHIO'S BRAVE GOVERNOR.

He Resents the Insult by Gov. Wilson to the Stars and Stripes—Wheeling Stirred to its Very Core.

WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 29.—The true inwardness of the joint debate between Governors Foraker and Wilson was not properly sent out of here Friday night. In the evening the three governors, Fleming, Foraker and Beaver were to speak to the Union Veteral league, Governors Foraker and Beaver made appropriate speeches but when Governor Wilson, of W. Va., took the stand he upheld the gray as equal if not better than the blue. This called for an eloquent response from Gen. Gibson, and Governor Beaver was forshadowed. Wilson's strength being practically destroyed by stronger remarks by Governor Foraker.

Governor Wilson then took the floor again and shocked his own party friends, as well as everybody else, by commencing to talk about Republicans and Democrats, and charged among other things, that one object of the old soldiers was to dragoon Democratic soldiers of West Virginia into voting the Republican ticket. He then went on at great length and with apparent bad temper to charge the Republican party with being a sectional party, always waving the bloody shirt and stirring up strife. He said Republicans were always ringing the changes on the war, and saying the South was wrong, and demanding that they get down on their knees and beg forgiveness.

He then entered upon a eulogy of himself, saying that he was a Union man—just as open and pronounced a Union man, not only now, but during the war, as Governor Foraker was. Some one called out to him to know if he was a Democrat in this state, answering no, saying he was too young to enlist—but that he had done as much in that respect as Governor Foraker.

His speech was, from beginning to end, a brazen Democratic speech, in which he defended the South for seceding and rebelling, arguing that, according to their interpretation of the constitution, they had a right to do so, and that they ought not to be called rebels.

He wound up by saying the people of the South love the Union and the constitution, and that it was a matter of pride for him to recall that, whether in West Virginia or Massachusetts, he was still in the Union, under the flag of the United States.

He had no sooner retired than Governor Foraker was again called for. By this time excitement had reached a high pitch. A tremendous crowd had gathered, and as Foraker stepped to the front he was greeted with cheer after cheer.

He commenced by saying that he had never before, at any of the many reunions he had attended, heard the words Republican and Democrat used as Governor Wilson had used them. He had never before heard a word of politics at any reunion or at any meeting of any kind of the members of the G. A. R.

But now politics has been introduced here, and introduced in such a way and by a gentleman of such representative character, that he felt called upon to make answer to what had been said. He then proceeded to make the fur fly. He talked for about one hour, until compelled to take his train home, the audience all the while increasing in size and enthusiasm, until the streets were literally packed in every direction. Almost every sentence called forth ringing applause and the wildest cheering.

It was well said that no such scene was ever witnessed in Wheeling. The Bourbon Democracy got more solid truth than they ever heard before. He reviewed the ante-war questions—the origin of the institution of secession, the infamy of slavery which it was intended to perpetuate—and pointed out the infamous and unhallowed character of the war; that it was causeless, without any justification whatever and against the judgment and advice of Alex. H. Stephens and such men, and now by suppression of free speech and the unchecked and fraud at election sentiment was drowned out, and state after state was carried into rebellion.

He spoke, too, of how the North had conceded demand after demand made by the South, no matter how unreasonable, in order that peace and union might be maintained, and pictured how Webster and Clay had argued and appealed in vain, but said the only effect of it all seemed to be to cause the South to believe that the people of the North would not fight and if they did, one Southern man could whip five of them.

Referring to Wilson's eulogy of President Cleveland, and his denunciation of the soldiers for having gone to war to order the banner with his picture on it, he said he was not at all displeased to see the banner, that on the contrary he was greatly pleased to see at least the inscription on the banner, "God bless the President."

He said he gladly joined in that prayer, and hoped the Almighty would pour out His blessings upon him in the most bountiful manner, and he especially hoped that He would bless him with a quickened intelligence, a purified heart, and a higher and more appropriate appreciation than he appeared to have for the services and sacrifices of the brave men who had saved the government of which he is the head.

Governor Foraker was compelled to quit speaking to catch the train, on which he left for Columbus, but as he did so, Governor Wilson ran to him and warmly shook his hands, and wished him a safe journey home, and the vast crowd sent up cheer after cheer as his carriage rolled away.

THE DUTCH HIGHFLIER.

The Richmond Hill Tows Her Into Port in a Crippled Condition and Claims Her for a Prize.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 30.—The steamer sighted off this place last evening, with a disabled vessel in tow, proved to be the Richmond Hill, as was expected, and her prize, the Dutch bark Highflyer, of Elsfleth. They arrived in the harbor at a late hour, Capt. Hyde, of the Richmond Hill, reports falling in with the Highflyer on Saturday in lat. 41.12, long. 63.39.

After passing her, the bark ran up signals of distress and hearing down on her, Captain Hyde was informed that the boat was in a helpless state, her foretop mast and jibboom were gone, her bulwarks stove in and she had three feet of water in the hold.

The captain stated that the crew refused to work. The captain of the bark resolved to abandon the vessel before the steamer was sighted and had set fire to her, but the flames did not appear until immediately after the crew were taken off by a boat from the steamer. The boat returned at once and put out the fire.

Sometime later the flames burst out again and threatened to prove too much for the men, but they finally succeeded in overcoming them. The steamer and bark were then connected by a hawser and their heads turned for Halifax. The bark is not seriously damaged by the fire, and as she has over 5,000 barrels of oil on board, is a valuable prize. She left New York on August 1 for Dantzic. The Richmond Hill will proceed to-day for London. She is from New York with a cargo of cattle and general goods.

SPENT FOR FISH.

Perhaps the Supplies Contained a Large Quantity of Bait.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—[Special wire.]—The report is current here that the President had indicated to Judge McCue his desire that the finances of the fish commission should be subjected to a rigorous investigation at as early a date as possible. An official well informed as to the affairs of the commission said to your correspondent that: "The fish commission has been under fire for the past two years, and there has been more or less reason for the attacks made upon it.

"Professor Baird was too deeply engrossed in the scientific investigations which he pursued with such success to devote much time to the practical business details of the bureau. I am confident that an investigation will develop the fact that very loose methods have prevailed with regard to the administration of the finances of the commission and the application of the several funds which make up the annual appropriation.

"With regard to the appointment of Judge McCue, I don't see how the Senate can possibly confirm him. The law authorizing the appointment is very explicit in declaring that the incumbent shall be a scientiest with approved practical and scientific knowledge of the fishes of the coast. Judge McCue may be able to distinguish between a cod and a flounder, but I think that is the extent of his knowledge on the subject."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Judge McCue has declined the position of commissioner of fish and fisheries on account of his lack of scientific knowledge. Prof. G. Brown Goode was this noon appointed to the place.

NEW YORK PROHIBITIONISTS.

The Delegates Still in Session—Nearly All Ministers or Sunday School Superintendents.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The Prohibition state convention assembled this morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, of Michigan, made a long speech, and was followed by Mrs. Carrie T. Hoffman, of Missouri.

A short examination was then held, with the object of discovering the standing of each delegate in his church. All were found to be church members. Ninety-five were ministers and a large number of the others were Sunday school superintendents.

CAN HILL AFFORD IT?

The Administration Wants New York's Governor to Help it Out.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—[Special wire.]—The New York *Sun* of this morning contains this double-leaded editorial:

Has this occurred to the political prophets who have been figuring lately with such satisfaction on nominating, in 1888, Grover Cleveland for President and David Bennett Hill for governor of New York, Hill's strength being reified on to counteract Cleveland's weakness?

If this programme should be adopted, Gov Hill would be first of all, and more conspicuously than any other candidate for governor ever nominated, the nominee of the administration, chosen at its dictation, regardless of the preferences of the Democratic party of New York for other plans. In accepting such a position his own prestige would be overshadowed by the fact that he had been coerced or drawn into the gubernatorial canvass through the manipulations of the Federal power.

The last time a candidate for governor of New York was nominated as the administration at Washington desired was defeated by a majority of nearly 200,000.

The natural relation of Gov. Hill toward the Democracy to-day is that of a powerful candidate for the Presidential nomination. He has twice been governor of New York. After his successful administrations, the Presidency would be his legitimate ambition.

But if by the weight of the administration he is to be made to serve as a mere pillar to restore the enfeebled strength of the Democratic party for the benefit of Mr. Cleveland, his present political distinction will be entirely subordinated to his character as the administration candidate.

A little reflection upon this proposed combination from the point of view here indicated may make it a little less lovely for the Democrats in Washington who wish to ride over the Democrats in New York.

A HEROINE DEAD.

Mrs. E. H. Powers Passes Away in Her Eighty-Fifth Year.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Mrs. E. H. Powers, who was such a noble and true friend to the Union soldiers during the war, died here yesterday, in her 85th year. There are thousands of veterans who served in the New York and New Jersey regiments who remember her deeds of charity and unselfish devotion to the sick and wounded.

The Forty-eighth Congress voted her a pension through the strenuous efforts of Judge Holman who made a pathetic appeal in her behalf. The committee favoring her claim sent in their report that from April 28, 1861, to August 14, 1864, she devoted her whole time, energy, influence and means to the service of the Union soldiers, and during the entire war was engaged in caring for sick and wounded, collecting and forwarding hospital supplies and money, ministering to their wants and relieving their sufferings.

All this time she acted as President of the Florence Nightingale Relief association of Paterson, N. J., and from November, 1862, to August '63, was associate manager of the U. S. Sanitary Commission of New Jersey. In this capacity she collected $8,000 in money and over 2,000 articles for hospital use. She received no pay whatever, paying out of her means the costs of her transportation and subsistence, besides contributing freely to the purposes she served to the amount of at least $3,000. Before the war ended she had lost by misfortune what little property she had, and was an invalid for years from the effects of exposure in the performance of acts of kindness to the soldiers.

THE G. A. R.

The Soldiers Who Refused to Honor the President of Their Country.

WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 27.—Nearly 5,000 men, members of the G. A. R., Union Veteran Legion, Sons of Veterans and regimental organizations yesterday afternoon paraded the principal streets of the town.

The procession was headed by 45 carriages, containing Gov. Beaver, Gov. Foraker, Gov. Wilson, Hon. John A. Bingham, ex-Gov. Pierpont, ex-President Hayes, wife and daughter, P. T. Kelly, Congressman Goff, Gen. Bill Gibson, Col. Beeler, of Baltimore, president of the Mexican Veterans' associa ion of the United States, and other distinguished visitors.

At the *Register* office was displayed since yesterday a banner, 14x20 feet, with President Cleveland's picture and the words, "God bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States." When the Pittsburg G. A. R. posts reached this, they at first refused to proceed, but soon compromised and marched around the banner.

All the G. A. R. followed their example, but the Union Veteran legion marched under it amid hearty cheers.

This afternoon a monster meeting in the tent was addressed by Gen. Hayes, Gen. Wilson, Gov. Foraker and Gov. Beaver.

GOVERNOR FORAKER.

A Talk with the Coming Man Held in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Governor Foraker, of Ohio, who was in the city yesterday, had his attention called to a recently published statement that the Governor Foraker who was compelled to quit speaking to catch the train, on which he left for Columbus, but as he did so, Governor Wilson ran to him and warmly shook his hands, and wished him a safe journey home, and the vast crowd sent up cheer after cheer as his carriage rolled away.

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AN INDIA PRINCE.

Royalty Landed On Our Shores to See the Sights.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Among the passengers on the steamer Adriatic, from Liverpool, which arrived here to-day, is His Highness, the Thakore Sahib of Limari, K. C. I. E., traveling incognito as Sir Jawatsinghjiee, K. C. I. E, accompanied by Mr. T. R. Bridgewater and suite. He is the first Indian prince to come to America to visit this country. His highness, who spent some time in England eleven years ago, when he was a minor and his state managed by the British government, received an English education in India and speaks English perfectly.

He has just come from England, where he attended the jubilee as a representative of the Princes of Kattywaar (India) to offer Queen Victoria their congratulations. He has been decorated by the Queen and wears the order of the Indian empire, the jubilee medal and the Queen's miniature. The prince proposes visiting all the large American cities and places of interest, but will, first of all leave at once for Washington to pay his respects to the President.

HIGH-PRICED STRAWBERRIES.

How the Indiana Democrats Conspired to Rob the Taxpayers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 29.—[Special wire.]—The latest discovery of crookedness in the Democratic management of state affairs, is a voucher found on file in the state auditor's office, showing that in last May the trustees in the Insane hospital paid $2.72 a gallon for 272 gallons of strawberries when the market price was only 32 cents.

A Democratic farmer was given the contract. Numerous charges of corruption in the hospital contract system have been made against the trustees by the state civil service association.

IDAHO AND NEVADA.

Senator Stewart's Scheme for Annexation is Badly Collapsed.

SHOSHONE, Idaho, Aug. 29.—United States Senator Hurst, Governor Stevenson and Delegate Dubois, recently held a conference here regarding the proposed enlargement of the boundaries of Idaho with reference to statehood, which Idaho expects soon to demand with other territories.

Senator Stewart's scheme to annex Nevada to Idaho was entirely collapsed at this conference. It was suggested that the Idaho line be extended northward through Montana, so as to take in the counties of Beaverhead and Missoula.

THE PINKERTONS.

A Suit for $50,000 Damages On Account of Alleged Libel.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Matthew W. Pinkerton instituted suit yesterday in the Circuit court against William A. Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's National Detective agency, to recover $50,000 damages for alleged libel.

The suit is brought on account of an article in a Chicago paper on the 17th inst., in which "Billy" Pinkerton expressed to a reporter his opinion of his rival.

There are already two or two similar suits pending between the parties, some of which may be heard next month.

Big Coal and Iron Failure.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30.—The assignment of Robert Hare Powell's Sons & Co., extensive coal and iron operators, has just been announced.

THE PENSION BILL.

The Connecticut G. A. R. Almost Unanimous in Favor of It.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 27.—John H. Thatcher, of this city, assistant general of the Grand Army in this state, has received returns from 46 of the 67 Grand Army posts in Connecticut, giving the vote in each organization concerning the new pension bill, which is advocated by the National encampment, being practically identical with the bill that was vetoed by President Cleveland last spring.

Only one post—M. A. Tainter, of Colchester—voted against the proposed bill. In that post the vote stood 5 to 18. Including the 18 adverse votes in the Colchester post, the total vote in opposition in the 46 posts is 43, there being only 25 negative votes recorded in 45 posts. Thirty-six posts have voted unanimously in favor of the measure.

Among the number are Nathanel Lyon and Robert O. Tyler posts, of Hartford; Admiral Foote, Henry C. Merwin, and Gen. Von Steuhwehr, of New Haven; Elias Howe, jr., of Bridgeport; Sedgwick, of Norwhich; Merrian, of Meriden; Wadhams, of Waterbury; Stanley, of New Britain and Buckingham post, of Norwalk. Mansfield post, of Middletown has not reported.

E. D. Pickett post, of Ridgefield, of which Gov. Lounsbery is a member, also voted unanimously for the bill, advised by the National department. The posts which have not reported are, with the exception of the Mansfield post, in the country towns. It is calculated that there are 10,000 veteran soldiers living in the state. Of that nymber upward of 7,000 are members of Grand Army posts.

The State department placed itself on record in February unreservedly upon the action vetoed by President Cleveland. So far as organized action can be taken, the veterans of the state will be on the side of the new pension measure.

CULLOM'S LITTLE BILL.

The Senator Says a Word on the Great Inter-State Measure.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—[Special wire.]—Senator Cullom is in the city. He refuses to talk politics, but said in reference to his Inter-State Commerce bill:

Under the law the Inter-State commission is charged with the duty of reporting suggestions and amendments to the act to the secretary of the Interior, who will then report them to Congress. I anticipate that certain amendments will be suggested as the practical workings of the law has shown it to possess a few minor defects.

That was to be expected, as no matter how perfect a theory may be, the moment it is put into practice there are certain to be some whom it will hurt in one way or another. Now the other day, I had a talk with one of the biggest wagon and carriage manufacturers in the country, and he was very bitter against the bill because it shut off his free passes.

He said before the bill became a law the railroads furnished him with blank passes, and when any of his customers wanted to come to Chicago or to visit his factory in an adjoining state, all he had to do was to fill out a pass and the thing was settled.

I replied to him that that was one of the beneficient features of the bill, as under the old system he was given an advantage over the small fellows, in his business they could not stand up against, and that eventually they would be forced out and he derive the benefit at their expense. He finally admitted the justice of the bill. And so the thing runs.

Where the bill hurts it is objectionable, but on the other hand there are thousands who are benefitted. Now, I think we will always have a bill of the kind on our statute books, but I look for modification from time to time as the circumstances require. Inter-state legislation has come to stay.

"But the practical working of the law up to the present led you to think of any amendments which will make it less odious to the railroads and more popular with the people?"

I can't say that I have given it any thought the last summer, and up to the present I have thought of nothing by which it can be improved to meet the points suggested. I have no doubt, however, that certain amendments will be proposed at the next session of Congress.

MR. GLENN AND HIS BILL.

Calvin Prevails and the Negroes Will be Educated.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 27.—In the House of Representatives yesterday, Mr. Calvin, from the committee on education, reported resalutions declaring that the co-education of the races is contrary to the intent of the constitution, and that the governor be directed not to draw his warrant in favor of the Atlanta University for the state's annual appropriation of $8,000, until satisfactory assurance is given that it shall be applied exclusively for the education of colored children.

Ma. Glenn moved that 200 copies of the report and resolutions be printed, which was lost.

Mr. Calvin moved the adoption of the resolution.

The motion prevailed and the resolution was adopted.

This action effectually brushes Mr. Glenn and his bill aside.

Mr. Glenn's bill makes it penal to educate the races together, and opens up untold sources of litigation. Mr. Calvin's action removes this danger and places the Democrats in a better position than they would be under the Glenn bill.

The state appropriates $8,000 to the State University for whites. Mr. Calvin's resolution to-day is an insistence on the part of the Legislature that the $8,000 appropriated to the colored university shall be for their use exclusively, and puts the white scholars there in the attitude of intruders. There is much jubilation among the negroes over what they regard as an escape from an unpleasant political dilemma.

PICKED UP THE TRAIL.

A Minnesota Minister Caught Eloping With An Editor's Wife.

NEW YORK, Aug 27.—Inspector Byrnes's detectives, on a cable message from Europe, met the steamship Adriatic to-day upon her arrival and arrested a man and woman charged with adultery and larceny. The prisoners are Rev. David Seymour, of the M. E. church, at Janesville, Minn., and Mrs. Fannie Henry, wife of the editor of the Janesville *Argus*.

The couple eloped on August 1. Seymour took $100 in church funds and with the woman came to this city. They were pursued by Henry and his brother-in-law. The eloping couple sailed for Europe and doubled on their trail by coming back to New York.

Henry had crossed the Atlantic also, finding the trail doubled he cabled back to Inspector Byrnes who arrested the elopers this morning.

In Police court both were held to await the arrival of Henry by the next steamer. The erring couple were four days in Liverpool before they learned that the irate husband was close upon their heels.

They at once took the first steamer back for this country.

The husband upon hearing this at once telegraphed to Inspector Byrnes, and the authorities at Minnesota, asking that the pair be intercepted.

The minister was charged with larceny and adultery. The detective who made the arrest found the runaways in the steerage. He held on to the dominie, but let Mrs Henry go her way.

Seymour returned on the Adriatic, of the White Star line, under the name of Francis Coverdale. When approached by the detective he denied that he was the man the detective wanted. Seymour left a wife and five small children, and Mrs. Henry deserted her husband and two children.

INVITED TO JOIN.

The New York Democrats Plead for the Sinners to Come Forward.

SARATOGA, N. Y., August 30.—The democratic state committee met here this morning and afternoon appointing John Foley as a member, in place of S. W. Buell, resigned, and Thomas C. Doyle, in place of Wilson S. Bissel, agreed on the following call:

The Democratic electors of the state of New York and all others who believe that the administration of public affairs by the Democratic party in the nation and the state has been such as to justify the confidence of the people are hereby requested to send three delegates from each Assembly district to a Democratic state convention to be held in Saratoga on Tuesday, September 27, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, to nominate candidates for the state offices.

THE UTE INDIANS.

Colorow Corralled With Two Hundred Bucks—Gov. Adams Summoned.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, Col., Aug. 25.—A courier left here at 4 o'clock this morning, with the following message, sent to G